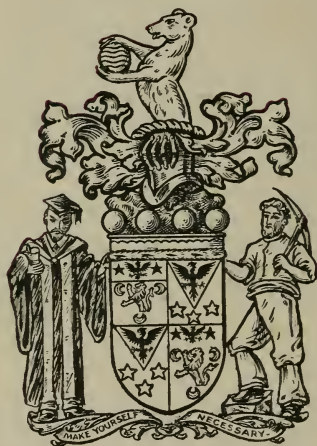


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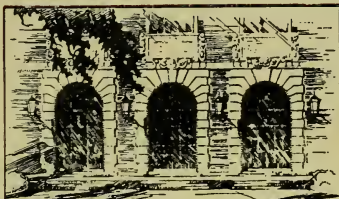
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JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE;

OR,

Characters as they are.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ISABELLA KELLY,

AUTHOR OF MADELINE, ABBEY ST. ASAPH, AVONDALE PRIORY,
JOſCELINA, EVA, RUTHINGLENNE, MODERN INCIDENT,
BARON'S DAUGHTER, SECRET, LITERARY INFORMATION,
FRENCH GRAMMAR, POEMS, &c. &c.

VOL. IV.

"I do not make heads, I only make caps."

LONDON:

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1813.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR

1880

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JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE watchmen were loudly calling, "past eleven o'clock and a rainy night," as a travelling chariot drove furiously up to Fladdong's Hotel, when a gentleman alighting, impatiently ordered a messenger might instantly attend to carry a letter to Portman Square.

The carriage had travelled post from Holyhead; the gentleman appeared fatigued and agitated, and a trepidation of nerves shook his fingers while writing. Once or

twice he paused, as if irresolute, but again he went on.

“ Who waits ? ” he cried, sealing a hastily-written letter.

The waiter advanced a step, and bowed.

“ You will take this instantly to Miss De Dunstanville, in Portman Square ; be quick as possible, and wait an answer.”

“ The Lady is not there now, Sir, the more’s the pity ; ” said the poor fellow, hanging his head.

“ Not there ! ” repeated the gentleman, “ what do you mean ? Is the lady gone to the Abbey ? ”

“ No, Sir, the Abbey is gone from her, and every thing else.”

“ Do you dream, or are you mad ? I speak of Miss De Dunstanville.”

“ And I, Sir, mean Miss De Dunstanville ; I was her under butler.”

The stranger arose from his seat, and gazed in the man’s face, as if to penetrate his meaning—only an expression of artless sorrow appeared there.

“ Good fellow explain yourself better ; what mystery lurks beneath your words ? where is Miss De Dunstanville ?”

“ Sir, she was the sweetest, and most generous, and easiest Lady a servant ever had ; and there was not a dry eye in the hall, nor in the house, when Lawyer Flarehomme and the bum-bailiffs seized every thing, like sharks as they are, and turned the dear lady and all of us out, and would not let her take, no not her own grandfather’s picture, and then she did cry, and we all cried for her, though we had enough to cry for our ownelves.”

“ Flarehomme, Flarehomme !” repeated the gentleman, bewildered in a painful confusion of strange conjectures, “ who is Flarehomme ?”

“ One of the blackest and biggest of the devil’s whole nursery, Sir, begging your honor’s pardon for swearing, but a nephew of the late Sir Geoffry’s, an own nephew, he is the main spring that sets the wheels of mischief going,”

“ Nephew !” cried the traveller starting aghast, and wringing the waiter’s hands in agony, “ Nephew !”

His lips looked bloodless, his cheeks white as the sheeted spectre, and his dark eye rolled with the tumult of burning thought. “ Father !” he respired—his tones were deep,—“ father, if thy cup of boiling wrath have yet this dreg to pour upon me, spare my heart, and hurl the bolt of death

upon this old bare head ! the dying pang will bear a wearied spirit to thyself, but to know—Oh, perdition, that were thy gulph, thy deepest gulph.”

The affrighted waiter retreated ; he pitied him, but thinking him seized with sudden frenzy, would have hastened from the room, when in a voice more sad than violent, he bade him “ stay.”

“ Do not leave me,” said he, “ kind fellow,” and his look grew beseeching, as he spoke, “ do not leave me, do not fear me, I will not harm a single hair, only say that a nephew has not wronged your mistress, and my soul will bless you.”

The poor fellow had some soft particles about his heart, that would have led him to unsay all he had said, rather than inflict what he had seen him suffer, he, therefore, eagerly replied,

“ Bless your honor’s dear senses and preserve them; and you may see my Lady have her own again, for all the federating of the Clancarrons and their outlandish Don, who looks no more like an honest born Englishman, than I look like a Turk.”

“ Clancarrons and the Don ?”

“ Yes, your honour, they are all of the black squad, Clancarrons and Don and all.”

“ Clancarrons !” he continued to repeat pressing his hand to his head, “ do they abet his villany !”

“ Oh, Sir,” and the ci-devant butler felt rather re-assumed by his returning calmness of manner, and could speak, “ They are all up to a rig or two, and my fellow-servants used to tell me of that there Countess, and Lord Whip, as he was dubbed, such queer things, and old Malcolm swore out right that the Don Diego is no

more like a De Dunstanville, than an egg is like an oyster."

"The Don like a De Dunstanville!" looking amazed, "Why should the Don be like a De Dunstanville?"

"Is his fit coming on again?" thought the waiter, but he continued—

"Why, your honor, the Don is the would be nephew that calls himself the son of old Sir Geoffry's brother; but Malcolm, who has been forty years man and boy about the Abbey, and he knows—

He was suddenly stopped, the traveller had fallen on his knees.

"Thanksgiving and glory!" No more was heard, no more was uttered, yet every feature spoke; a kindling energy broke through his ashy cheeks; of the uplifted eye only the whites could be seen, and the

strong emotion of a busy spirit was moving his lips, yet nothing was heard.

The waiter gazed upon his kneeling figure, with reverence and awe ; the sensation was no longer blended with fear, for a pleased innate serenity diffused itself through the whole benign countenance, and when the eye again returned to mortal objects, its beam was kind and encouraging ; he took the fellow's hand.

“ I am your friend, young man,” said he, and his looks gave a stronger assurance even than his lips—“ have no fears, my senses are my own ; you have served me, pleased me, and for pleasure I will give pleasure, for service render service, it is my way, and if you think being about my person preferable—”

The proposition was left unfinished, yet it was well understood, and instantly

accepted. Philip, the butler, knew his own interest, and this stroke of fortune being a preferment as unexpected as he considered it undeserved, in the gratitude of an honest heart, he vowed fidelity and attachment to his new master; who, after a night not altogether unperturbed, but which still had its anticipations of knowing and contributing to happier hours, he was sent forth with orders to spare neither exertion nor expense in discovering the residence of Miss De Dunstanville.

Philip was indefatigable in his enquiries, and at length recollecting an old boon companion among the footmen at Lady Clancarron's; who, as he told his present master, had let him into a rig or two, thither he hastened, and pretending

business of his own, desired to speak to James.

Fortunately the fellow was at home, and as fortunately, he happened to be one of the footmen in attendance the day her ladyship had paid her last condescending visit to the heiress in her humble residence at Mrs. Norman's. From him, therefore, Philip received every information he desired; and, well satisfied with his success, returned to his anxious and expecting master, whose impatience brooking no delay, he hastened instantly to Mrs. Norman's, when, perceiving there was some difficulty of admission, without ceremony he rushed past the poor alarmed landlady, saying, "Announce ———— but before his agitated voice could articulate a name, he himself stood in the presence of her he sought. * *

CHAPTER II.

JANE's sensation on the entrance of the unintroducted traveller was complicated, yet delightful, for she knew him, she beheld *the stranger*. Emotions new and undefined, yet all pleasureable, swelled her bosom as he approached ; she met him, fearlessly met him, and with a sweet earnestness of manner assured him, she was, indeed pleased to see him again.

He held her in his trembling arms, and while the big tears rolled down his venerable cheeks, he cried,

“ *Where, where* do I find thee, thou pure child of nature ! *how* do I find thee,

thou wronged angel ! and my wants, my miseries, they too, added to the heap of thy calamities, helped to impoverish thee ; and, perhaps, the retrospect gave an aching pang to thy innocent thoughts."

" Oh, no !" she interrupted, her soul's feelings on her lip ; " no indeed ! when I thought of you, my venerable friend, and the little I did for you, I felt it like an expiating deed, redeeming my many follies ; the recollection often cheered the melancholy of my days, and brightened the gloominess of my nights ; it has often, yet I know not why, warmed my heart, when fearful apprehensions have been chilling it ; and when lonely bitter tears were wasting me away, the thought of that dear moment passed between us, with a sacred and assuasive charm, restrained them, and my cheeks would flush with a momentary

glow of some innate and undefineable pleasure, and now that my feverish dream of greatness is over, your remembrance of that one deed of feeling will give me a friend for my reward ; and that explains the anticipated feeling.”

“ Your friend ! ” my child, he cried gazing on her with tender emotion—“ call me *father* ! a fair angel like thee, once blessed me——but,—” he covered his eyes with his hands,—“ no more—no more of that, she is gone—and thou, sweet cherub, shall have her place.”

He paused a few moments and then resumed.

“ I am rich, my child, very rich, and to you I owe these riches ; your generosity, your confidence, enabled me to take steps which intimidated guilt, and led to the recovery of my rights, from those

who had wrested them from me; your gold enabled me to counterbribe the half honest, who were suborned, and I conquered. I know all your wrongs, oppressions, humiliations, and wants; they are over;—and further, fear not, your own shall be your own again, and until then, command twelve thousand pounds a year.

“You have done much,” he continued, “for one Hildebrande Fitz Ormond; I know your history, open your heart, your soul, where is he?”

“Fitz Ormond!” she repeated in complicated emotion, and bursting into an agony of tears, “Fitz Ormond, oh! where art thou, why hide from me, from Jane, from her, who would perish with thee, or perish for thee!”

Mrs. Moreland drew near, and to interrupt her grief, requested an introduction

to her friend. Jane's look asked the stranger's name.

“Call me Alvanley,” said he; “but think me your friend, feel me your father.”

The rest of the evening was passed in mutual and endearing communications, and explanations, which rendered the parties as perfectly acquainted with each other, as if the inmates of many years.

Mr. Alvanley confessed, that when he demanded so large a sum as five thousand pounds, from Jane, that his sole hope at success had rested on the character he had heard of her candour, artlessness, and generosity; and that when he perceived her discretion began to operate, and she seemed to waver, he had thrown out ambiguous hints of Fitz Ormond being some way interested or connected, to fix her to his point.

“ Had you known me, dear Miss De Dunstanville, you would have required no incentive for a good action, but had my efforts to recover my rights failed, none would ever more have heard that I existed, that predetermination shrouded me in such mystery; now I live but to make you happy, and to make all you love happy.”

Jane in perspective, could now again behold herself great and wealthy; in a high condition she had never been haughty, in a depressed condition she had always been dignified; and her pious soul now adored the wonder-working hand of Heaven, which had so graciously raised her a friend in the day of dark affliction, that with energy and inclination, had the support of ample wealth to see her re-instated in her rights, or if not legally her's, could still enrich her with all the luxuries and blessings of a splendid fortune.

Late in the evening Alfred called; he was dispirited about his brother; some were out of town, money was wanted to prosecute the actions, which were usurious, and he was completely sunk in blue devilism, as his brother would have called it, when his mother broke upon his darkness, like some newly-discovered star, with her brilliant intelligence, and being introduced to Mr. Alvanley, it was agreed that next day, after they had engaged a ready furnished house, fit for their reception, with servants, carriages, &c. &c. they should go in a formidable body and bring the young captive away with triumph.

Mr. Alvanley instantly returned Jane her five thousand pounds, and added another thousand for immediate expenses; and, with a frankness Mrs. Moreland had never found in any, but Jane herself, he present-

ed her with another thousand, saying, "Jane's friend had part of his heart, and that pride, punctilio, and reserve were deadly sins in his system of friendship."

It has always been allowed that London was the best place for those who had a great deal of money, for those who wished to make a great deal of money, and likewise for those who have little or no money at all; the first position was amply demonstrated, for before the next evening closed; Jane once more presided in a splendid establishment in Upper Grosvenor Street. All had been so rapid, that it appeared to her like enchantment, and as Mr. Alvanley never seemed, nor indeed felt so happy as when promoting her comfort, or contributing to her indulgences, all had moved like magic, till again she appeared the lady of the mansion.

Alfred had been no niggard of his happy intelligence, for in a note to his brother he communicated the whole, describing with a glowing pencil, the agreeable alteration in Miss De Dunstanville's condition, and, consequently, their mother's, and concluded by desiring him to be ready to quit his residence in the evening, when it was designed the whole party should come to escort him from the abodes of penury, to those of peace and pleasure.

As Dillon perused his brother's happy, incoherent note, his heart ever attuned to pleasure, now vibrated to the magic touch of sudden hope. The past, the present, the future, all arose on memory, and in a delightful hurry of thought, and the happiest harmony of expectation, Ellen, the chaste, lovely Ellen, broke upon imagination like a star bursting from a stormy and gloomy sky.

His mother, and his friends, they came not, why did they tarry? Dillon knew not, feared not, and in the sweet suspensive interval between him and a beautiful moment, he pencilled the following lines, which his heart dedicated to Ellen Stirling.

TO ELLEN.

I.

“ My love, oh ! yield not to regret,
Dispel the vain intruder,
For Ellen, sure would ne’er forget,
How first our young affections met,
When love admitted wooed her ;
Some sorrow though our hearts have shared,
The past has had its pleasures,
And each remembered pang endear’d
The more our better treasures.

II.

“ While of the future, sure no fear
Should rise to vex thy bosom,
Our mutual joys as ever dear,
To what untimely chance severe,
Should either dread to lose ’em?

And yet some evil may portend,
But ere it comes why fear it ?
The less to sorrow's load we bend,
The better we shall bear it."

The evening was far advanced when Mr. Alvanley, accompanied by Mrs. Moreland and Miss De Dunstanville, who was ever forward on errands of beneficence, arrived at the wretched apartment of Dillon ; they found him ready dressed, and every feature animated with the glow of anticipated freedom.

With his usual elegant complacency of manner, he offered appropriate compliments to Mr. Alvanley, on his condescension and benevolence.

Mr. Alvanley whispered to Jane, he had never beheld a more prepossessing young man, adding, with a faint smile, " Fitz Ormond must soon burst from his cloud, else Lady Ellen might wear a willow,

and sing, 'green leaves they turn yellow.' "

All were now becoming impatient to leave the place, but still no Alfred appeared, who, during his leisure hours, had been running from lawyer to lawyer for their different discharges; it was now near ten o'clock, the doors would close, and Dillon another night might be a prisoner; some strange apprehensive thought swelled the mother's anxious bosom, it gave pale omen to her cheek, and though her heart palpitated, she sat silent and calm.

Mr. Alvanley perceived the *sombre* shade stealing over the whole party, and to disperse the gloom, jestingly declared, if Alfred did not soon appear, it should be a merry making to the whole inhabitants in Durance vile; it *had* been his intention,

and he now ordered a substantial supper to the poorer of the unfortunates.

A person instantly appeared and received his commands, and he gave the upper turn-key fifty pounds for bread, meat, and beer, for those who would accept the fare, and extending his liberality, he desired a list of the most distressed among the superior prisoners, whom it was his intention to liberate. The turn-key then departed to communicate the glad tidings, and Dillon coming forward, said he had reason to believe, from the report of a woman who attended the rooms, that a poor aged being was dying, and literally *for want*, in the adjoining apartment.

“ I have listened,” said Dillon, at different times, “ to his moan ; I could not distinguish his words, but his sounds are sad and full of sorrow, and the old

woman who does his menial offices, tells me he never looks up, and has taken nothing these two days but water."

"God of heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Alvanley, "the pangs of hunger to be endured in a land of plenty, in a land of Christians! Poor man! Live but a little longer, and all your wants shall be relieved; your age shall be supported, and you shall have cause to bless our visit to a prison."

"Hark!" interrupted Dillon, "I now hear the murmur of his voice."

Some laths fastened together formed a partition; it was all that divided the room from the sufferer.

Determined to save him, Mr. Alvanley listened; Mrs. Moreland dropped a tear, a pitying tear to human calamity, while Jane's gentle heart throbbing with a sensa-

tion far remote from rude curiosity, looked through a small aperture made by a broken lath.

All was still; hushed as the dumb lip of death, all was fearfully still; the lowest breath could have broken on the watchful ear, and Jane *heard*, Jane *beheld*. Oh! mighty God! what were Jane's emotions!

* * * * *

CHAPTER III.

ENFEEBLED by pernicious drugs, and debilitated by lingering delirium, Fitz Ormond's spirits had easily yielded to the rude attack made on him in the hall of Miss De Dunstanville. The myrmidons of justice had seized him, and, unconscious of offence, the poor victim struggled, resisted, and was knocked down. His feelings had approached to frenzy, and he was now a prisoner.

"A rescue! a rescue!" resounded through the hall, and mingling with the groans of anguish, and the cry of despair gathered a crowd about the door, when the

bailiffs, well knowing the detestation and dread their characters inspire in every bosom, to secure their captive, and prevent the indignation of the mob, a coach was called, when, totally insensible to all that was passing, poor Fitz Ormond was conveyed to one of those receptacles of human misery, denominated a spunging house, and on the writ being returnable, in the stillness of a deep and calm despair, lost to hope, to himself, and to the world, he was removed to the gloomy confines of an upper chamber in a prison, *at the suit* of his coachmaker, and at the *instigation* of his generous friends and relations, Lord and Lady Clancarron, whose plans and purposes it suited that he should be out of the way, and if out of the world, *tant mieux*, for what had misery and poverty to do in a sphere of fashion, where the

voice of one was never heard, and the pale front of the other never seen.

Fitz Ormond's feelings were alive to all the horrors of his condition; he was undone himself, the worshipped Mary, and all her chaste innocent hopes, all were undone; to all the nobler purposes of human existence, he was lost; even the generous Jane, to whom he owed all the early blessings of an honourable mind and cultivated understanding; she who would have secured his felicity by blending it with her own, in her moments of oppression and sorrow, what must be her reflections, her opinions, that he did not appear, and take an active part—assist in procuring her justice, and endeavour to restore her to her rights.

This idea seemed to communicate new energy to Fitz Ormond's mind, quickened

his feelings, and inspired a desire for liberty, which self could not have effected, and in revolving various ways to accomplish a purpose, which he felt as his last and only incitement to live, his generous friend, Murray, occurred to his memory ; and, proud and independent as was Fitz Ormond's soul, it felt neither humbled nor degraded in delineating to this estimable being, the deception which had been practised on him, nor yet his own progressive follies, which had reduced him to penury and a prison ; he also hinted Lord Clancarron's conduct respecting the two thousand pounds, requested his advice on the subject, and the loan of three hundred pounds, which would liquidate the debt for which he was confined, and supply his necessities till something offered for the reputable support of his existence.

He had dispatched his letter by a messenger, one of the prisoners had procured, and to wear away the lingering hours till his return, Fitz Ormond's wild and gloomy muse produced the irregular lines here presented for the reader's perusal.

“ The lonely heart that ne'er hath known
To glow at love's inspiring tone,
That ne'er hath soothed affliction's tear,
By pouring all her griefs on friendship's sacred ear,
Or proved the excess
Of happiness.

Shared with a soul congenial to its own,

Oh ! can regret its throb excite,

For hours that knew no dear delight ?

Or can it sigh that days are gone,

To memory unendeared ?

That rays which never brightly shone,

All all have disappeared ?

But ah ! for youthful heart to know,

The stream of time shall vainly flow,

And not adown its ceaseless tide,

One joy through life, to glad its course shall glide;

To feel within the vacant cell,

Where hope would once contented dwell,

The throbbings of despair ;
No balm of sweet content assuaging,
Pain and inward anguish raging,
All terrific there.
To view with shrinking mental eye,
So dark the future prospect lie,
So rest of every cheering ray,
To tempt the wanderer on his way,
That when the cave bewildered brain
Has refuge sought, and sought in vain ;
Save in dreams of parted pain ;
No better solace mem'ry lends
To silent meditation ;
God ! what a thought it comprehends
Of utter desolation."

II.

" Can death in all his terrors then,
A shudder to the hearts of men,
A dread of worse convey ?
Yes ! horror's victims there are some
To whom the 'wildering thought would come,
Clothed in doubts of deeper gloom ;
Then would the power itself assume
In all its dire array ;
With pain and every anguish rife
To rack, and with relentless strife
Annihilate the clinging life.
But retrospection foully low'rs

And scares their backward view ;
Around him float avenging powers,
On others that in warring hours
Will tempt to crimes anew.

Else might thither turn the mind
From madness gathering o'er it,
Now there no refuge may it find,
And all is dark before it.

But ye to whom that glance hath been
Ever tranquil, calm, serene,
Mark the twilight amber glow,
Tinge the Switzers mountain snow,
See the northern streamers fly,
Hustling in the polar sky,

There from wild, to calm amaze,
Southward turn awhile thy gaze,
Where the starry robe of night,
Bounds th' Italians range of sight
O'erfloating like a beauteous dream

O'er the maiden's peaceful sleep,
The lovely moon with silent gleam
Tracks the heavenly azure deep.

Then tell thy doubting soul howe'er,
Ye suffer here, ye need not fear ;
'Tis but the storm, whose mighty rage
Precedes the ocean, calm of morn,

A morning of eternity.

And if 'twill break on hoary age,
The gleanings of its early dawn !

Then wherefore dread to die ?

Fitz Ormond had written and even read till weary and exhausted, and still his messenger had not returned ; and he was resigning to pass a suspensive night ; when with much apparent fatigue, the man entered his chamber.

Alas ! poor Fitz Ormond, thy darker star in this hour reigned lord of the ascendant ; his last dollar had been given to this messenger for going to Clapham, for previous payment was demanded. Fitz Ormond's nature was a stranger to the meannesses and petty pilferings which the miseries of a gaol generate in low minds ; else he would have better known his messenger ; and positively refused payment, until he either had brought an answer, or produced some proof that an answer was refused.

The letter most assuredly did go out of

the prison, as surely as it *did go into* the fire of the nearest pot house ; and there the dollar was exchanged for that lethean beverage which obli viates conscience, feeling, and honesty.

The messenger solemnly declared that he had waited several hours for the gentleman coming home ; and then he sent down word there was no answer.

“ Could I have seen him, your honor, I am main lucky, and a christian.—”

Fitz Ormond stopt the christian’s tongue from further dishonouring the christian’s name.

“ Enough,” said he, “ the tempest of despairing thoughts gathering fast around him ; go—you have done.” The room door closed, and Fitz Ormond had done with the human kind.

“ He thinks me, even Murray thinks

me degraded," exclaimed he, while the flushings of indignant pride burned in his cheeks, and angry fire glared in his aching eyes, "yes, he thinks me a degraded object, beneath my former self, beneath a very worm, for it can crawl forth for food, and never begs it from a brother reptile; but it is finished," said he, relapsing into gloomy horror, "quite finished."

An unregarded day, and an unreposing night, passed over his wretched head; an old woman lighted his fire, and timidly asked him, what she could do for him?

"Nothing!" was the answer; her eye gleamed pityingly over an empty shelf.

"Bread, Sir, you want bread."

Some aching chord of Fitz Ormond's bursting heart was touched;—he started up—and his look!—it was a look!

The old woman shuddered; more she

durst not speak, but with, " Lord, good Lord, help him " falling from her own famishing lips, she closed the door, and he was left alone.

The day drew towards its darkening close ; he had neither spoken nor moved, but he remained absorbed in that indescribable calm which evinces some sad determinate thought.

He took the picture of Mary Fortrose from his bosom, and pressed it to his cold quivering lips, restored it to its shelter, and again would have taken it out—yet he did not, but burst into a strange and fearful laugh.

The night had closed ; all was dark in his chamber ; Fitz Ormond had still something to do ; with a match from the dying embers of his fire he lighted a candle, and

he arranged that something, and then his work was nearly finished.

Immersed in the depth of still, yet dreadful meditation, he paced the room ; unconscious, he knew not why, he looked through the dull casement, a wild confusion seemed to reign below, sounds of distant merriment struck on his ear, but all was uninteresting and unheeded ; he looked up, the air was very dark, and its sullen chill was deadening every aching sense ; the rain had fallen in torrents during the day, but now had ceased, and only some heavy lingering drops, fell from the prison roof, and with sad and boding sound, struck upon the wakeful ear ; the voice of mourning and of murmur was still, and it was the hour in which the eye of common griefs ceased for awhile to weep. The embers of his wasted fire were now

growing wan, and the dim quivering light was nearly sunk in its socket.

“It will soon be dark,” said the poor meditating *suicide*, “quite dark, and oh! the darkness no mortal hand can e’er relumine, for the star of reason will be set, the spark of life burnt out, even now they are quenched in the horror of irremediable despair; yet HE, enthroned beyond the reach of human thought, who penetrates primeval night itself, HE can find what may remain.”

An old tattered couch stood in a remote corner of the desolate apartment; it was covered with shreds of many colours, and indeed betrayed a sad variety of wretchedness. On this relic of some ones happier day, leaned this poor self-forsaken being; he cast a despairing look around; nothing but sad and sullen desolation met

his view ; he had a weapon ; it was prepared, his arm felt nerved, and his spirit was fitted for the deed, yet he paused.

“ I could have laboured---” and as he spoke, he bent in spirit before an awful witness---“ Yes, I would have laboured for that is honest.”

“ I could have rushed into the deadliest battle for that is honourable.”

“ I could have begged ! Oh, yes ! begged !” and in the burning pang of proud remembrance Fitz Ormond groaned---the groan died away in anguish.

“ I would even beg again, rather---rather---than---than-- *I did beg*—was refused—and---but to linger *here*, to perish---starve---bear biting hunger--bear the gnawing pang at every tortured vital---at every wasting pore !—No !—no !—no ! father !—father, no !—I come !—I come !”

Desperation strengthened his every burning fibre ; it strung every swelling nerve, and graspt with iron fangs his very soul.

One deep groan escaped his ashy lip, only one ; he took the pistol ; with an unshaken hand he took it, and raised it to his head.

He had cast up his heavy, beamless, sightless eye, his lip moved, when a form, it seemed ethereal, broke upon his dimming sight ; it moved as if some soft effulgence ; it was clad in robes of pale transparent grey, and closely wrapped, for no feature could be discerned, yet the shiverings of strong convulsion seemed to shake it.

Kneeling, it stretched out cold and ashy hands, fearfully it grasped the dreadful pistol ; but, it was in the strong gripe

of stern despair, and resisted human strength.

“Live! Live! for Mary!” was heard.

A flash.

The report followed.

Moment of woe and horror! the blood gushed forth when claspt in each others arms. Hildebrande, Fitz Ormond, and Jane De Dunstanville, fell lifeless on the ground together. * * * *

All became dark and still. * * *

* * * *

Shrieks, wild and piteous, now broke on the appalling calm, and echoed through the chamber of blood, and in another instant two figures rushed forward; a female ghastly in look, and speechless, stood in stiffening horror; the other, his lips were white and distended; his eyes, wild and

glaring, and, as a bluey paleness was deadening every wrung feature, he threw himself by the prostrate bodies, and, in a voice---Oh! what a voice! cried, "My son! my son!"

The blood was streaming; it streamed over one, whose heart's encircling drops filled the veins of poor Fitz Ormond; it was streaming over the agonised bosom of his father!

Oh! barbarous suicide! when will thy desolating horrors cease! When cease to bring the burning blush of shame upon a British brow; when cease to make the soil of Britain glow with an offspring's self-shed blood! when cease to ravage the nations of the earth! when cease to affront, and brave the Majesty of heaven!

“ Henceforth, let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o’er,
With blood of its own lord ! unheard of torture
Must be reserved for such ;
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as friendless foes.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE kind reader, if interested with our tale, will, without much reluctance, retrace some of the earlier scenes in which the existing characters are materially involved.

In many of the vicissitudes which compose the tissue of human life, we frequently find a combination of circumstances all corroborating to justify the belief of a person's death; the consequences have been various and multiplied; sometimes ludicrous, sometimes melancholy, but always productive of something rather extraordinary.

The life of Fitz Ormond's father, who, during such a lapse of years, was believed dead, shall now be rationally explained.

It may be remembered, by the reader, that when the wounded Fitz Ormond was dragged by savage hands from the feeble support of poor Eglentine's arms, that she beheld the body thrown over the ship's side, as she supposed, into the ocean; but, with the other wounded captives, he was received into a waiting boat, and, with them, conducted to a dreary prison in France; there he lingered for several years; alternately did the ragings of delirium, and the wastings of pining melancholy, ravage his brain and heart; his wounds had not been mortal; though dangerous, they were cured, for mental agonies rendered them unfelt.

Having had the good fortune to attract

the notice, and engage the attention of a nobleman, in the same prison, who had been preserved under the cruel and bloody reign of Robespierre, by personating a domestic who nobly perished in his master's preservation ; with this *ci-devant* nobleman he escaped from the fortress, and embarking in a little open boat, was taken up by a trading vessel bound to Pondicherry, there poor Fitz Ormond fought in the ranks—undistinguished and unknown he fought ; his friend had fallen a victim to the climate, without having discovered who, or what he was, and again Fitz Ormond was, or rather felt alone, on the peopled earth. Illness again nearly reduced him to the grave, but he was born to suffer, and survived ; he was poor and friendless—had no hand to raise him, no heart to pity him ; his whole wealth con-

sisted in a brilliant ring, which inclosed his lost Eglentine's hair, and that had been so curiously concealed in his garments, that it had escaped the notice of his merciless captors.

During his residence in that distant region, he became accidentally acquainted with an English soldier, born on the domains of De Dunstanville, and from him he learnt, after minute enquiries, that his Eglentine was no more, and that the amiable Clancarron had married a wealthy city heiress.

Britain had now no charm to attract him; he resolved to waste the remnant of his unjoyous days abroad, and let his unhallowed dust rest in an obscure grave; and, probably, such would have been his destiny, but that, in his intercourse with men of various climates and characters, he

became in some degree intimate with, and rather attached to, a facetious and honest-hearted Irishman, who, with the natural love of relating marvellous stories of days long gone by, detailed his and Eglentine's history, as connected with Major M'Dermot and Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville's family.

His wonderful relation had really very little embellishment, and less addition than wonderful relations generally have; yet it concluded with a wonder, that, with all his indifference to sublunary enjoyments, gave a new turn to his future intentions.

Young Fitz Ormond's father had been the neglected descendant of a noble family, and in early life he had served as an officer under the command of Major M'Dermott; always overbearing in his temper, and tyrannic in his manners, while in the West,

Indies, his violence had one day provoked him beyond human patience, and in the indignation of the moment, regardless of consequences, he drew his sword ; Major M'Dermott was his superior, he left him no alternative but a duel, or a court martial, and by the high-spirited young man the former was preferred.

The mother of Fitz Ormond had fallen an early victim to the climate ; and Major M'Dermott's rencontre with his father made him altogether an orphan.

The victor was opulent and powerful ; a military tribunal acquitted him, and his victim continued unavenged, and unremembered, though not unlamented. His poor unconscious smiling boy was in arms ; he belonged to nobody, and nobody claimed him ; and whether from a sudden impulse of generosity, or from some

sensation like remorse, or to compromise the matter with an uneasy conscience, was never decided ; but he adopted the orphan, spared neither care nor expense on his education, and either from habit or affection, he became necessary to his happiness, and even his existence ; and it was not till after the Major's tragical death, that Fitz Ormond, on the examination of some private papers, discovered who he really was ; for he had actually believed himself the offspring of some illicit connexion, and his patron, apprehensive of weakening his own power, or shaking a duty and obedience which he found so delightful, had never once ventured to speak of circumstances which had deprived him of a father, and most certainly, but for the fatal events which have been detailed, he would have been heir to the

whole of Major M'Dermott's immense property ; and, repugnant as the Irish were to Sir Geoffry's feelings, far happier would have been the meed of the gentle Eglentine, had not her father erroneously believed she had plighted her faith to the son of her brother's murderer.

Honest Patrick O'Dwyer continued to tell his attentive auditor, " that when he came from the beautiful county of Cork, it was loud and far spoken of, as a burning shame, that the living, or the dead, either did not come and take his own, for now that old Lord Fitz Ormond and his two sons were both gone, why there was the little Palpeen, that M'Dermott loved as an own foster child, though to be sure he stole him when nobody wanted to keep him, but now all to nothing, he would for sure and certain be Lord himself, and come in

for enough before the two that came after him, of another and a younger brother too.”

Fitz Ormond had listened with wild and strange, yet mute emotion ; and the result was, he determined to revisit his native land, seek the grave of his Eglen-tine, and learn if she herself had become the tomb of their infant, or how it died ; for the soldier had assured him she left no child ; yet it might live ; all was dubious and uncertain. Fitz Ormond had now an object and he would pursue it.

A considerable time elapsed before he could accomplish his purposes ; his discharge was difficult to obtain, he was as before observed, destitute of money, and without friends ; yet he persevered, and at length having confided his history and name to be one and the same that Patrick

O'Dwyer had related, the honest Hibernian, proud and pleased with his part in the drama, assisted him with money, clothes, and every necessary requisite for his voyage ; nay, so gratified was he with his friend's perspective that he vowed to scrape his all together and follow him to dear beautiful Cork again.

All was now prepared, Fitz Ormond embarked with two hundred guineas in his pocket, and an honest fellow his friend had recommended to attend him.

Alas ! disaster was not yet weary of pursuing poor Fitz Ormond ; he was predoomed in every lane of life to meet with disappointment. A violent tempest arose, and drove the vessel nearly a wreck into Madeira, and while she was repairing, he was seized with a violent fever, attended with delirium, which confined him severa

weeks, and during that season of distress he was robbed.

An Italian who lodged in the same hotel, and who represented himself as being a merchant, taking advantage of the indiscreet communications of Fitz Ormond's servant, who to procure his master that respect and attention, he knew money never failed to purchase, had told the people in this Italian's hearing, that his master (Mr. Alvanley, the name Mr. Fitz Ormond had assumed,) had a great deal of money and valuables, and one day that this poor simple fellow had gone up to the mountains for some peculiarly fine oranges, Signor Vallini found an opportunity to enter the chamber unobserved, broke open the locks of Fitz Ormond's writing desk, and not only robbed him of the two hundred guineas, but a very

superb watch, presented by the friendly O'Dwyer, "as a *keep sake*" till they met again in dear Cork ; but what was more precious still, to Fitz Ormond, and gave an anguish surpassing the idea of all, who have not hearts to treasure a long-loved pledge of dear and early affection, he stole the beloved ring, inclosing the hair of his still worshipped Eglentine.

Very far were such disastrous consequences from poor Gilbert's intention ; poor fellow, he knew the potent effect of gold ; and the means he had taken to serve, had now impoverished his master ; and there was no remedy ; for the artful robber had been an adept in his profession ; he had most cautiously arranged every matter for an immediate departure ; his plans were well laid, and Fitz Or-

mond's purse was an acquisition unexpected.

Our sick traveller was not the only victim of his dishonest practices, for under various and specious pretexts in the character of a merchant, he had imposed on the credulity of several, and without leaving a single clue for pursuit, or the faintest hope of discovery, he had embarked unsuspected in a ship bound to some foreign port, and when he achieved his last exploit on poor Fitz Ormond's property, the ship was actually under weigh.

There was a dark expression of cunning, a something that shunned the light in himself, while he betrayed an obtrusive desire to pry into the affairs of others, which had guarded our assumed Mr. Alvanley, from accepting the many over-

tures he had made towards acquaintance, and he afterwards attributed the reluctance he had felt towards intercourse with him, to that predictive instinctive feeling often sent to the heart, as a warning from the approach of evil—but be that as it may, the money was gone, and he reduced to the lowest ebb of distress; but he was inured to suffering, and yielded not to common evils. On his recovery, he had determined to wait on the Commander in Chief, whose character was humane and benevolent, and communicate sufficient of his history to answer his purposes, when his intention was prevented by the voluntary offer of assistance from an officer, who had heard the story of the robbery, and his consequent distress; once more, therefore, poor Fitz Ormond

was supplied, and again he embarked for the shores of Britain.

Hardships, wants, long imprisonment, and varied sufferings, with years exposure to the fierce blaze of a torrid sun, had effectually screened the countenance of Fitz Ormond, from the recognition of any eye that had ever seen him in the brilliant glow, and towering grandeur of his youth ; yet his figure retained a graceful ease and dignity of manner, which the storms of fortune could not alter ; and his features a fine expression, which at once struck the eye, and penetrated the heart.

On his arrival in England, he travelled on foot to De Dunstanville ; and, as an itinerant painter, taking views of the romantic scenery around the abbey, he casually informed himself of most particu-

lars respecting the family ; there he learned the character, and learned to love the blooming heiress ; there he learned, with transports neither to be described nor defined, that he had a son, and such a son ! brought up becoming a descendant of the house of De Dunstanville, by the bounty of the inflexible Sir Geoffry ; but at the instance, and through the interest of the beautiful Jane.

His interview with her at her grandfather's monument cannot be forgotten ; his strong emotion had nearly betrayed him ; but secretly resolving to be invested with his hereditary rank and possessions, before he discovered himself, or claimed his son, he left England for Ireland.

On investigation, he found his death so generally credited, and his cousin so firmly fixed, that no alternative, but secretly secur-

ing the interests of those whose recollection of circumstances only known between themselves, was likely to reinstate him in his patrimonial rights.

He discovered that a vague report of his existence had reached the country; and that all among the inferior tenantry who could vouch for his identity, were suborned to swear he was not the Hildebrande Fitz Ormond, who had been adopted by Major Mc Dermott; among these were his foster father, and his daughter, who had returned with the regiment to Ireland; and from secret motives of the Major's, had always lived under his patronage.

This poor man, however, with that strength of attachment so peculiar to the character, swore, by Saint Patrick, "he would go to all the courts above and

below too, and swear by holy Patrick himself, that *he* was his own *dear self* Hildebrande Fitz Ormond, born of his own sweet creature of a mother; and what was more, suckled by Nanny O'Bourke, his own true-born married wife, bless her *dead soul*."

This man, Fitz Ormond knew would be a powerful auxiliary; but to secure him and some others he knew was necessary, and to do that money was necessary; and as he discovered bribery and corruption was going forward in the business, before he advanced another step he hastened to England, and that memorable interview with Miss De Dunstanville, proved most decisive in its consequences, for it enabled him to secure the first counsel, and, not only buy the bribery, but also to buy the truth,

and no sooner did his cousin, the would-be-peer perceive the ground he had gained, know he had a command of money, and, that he had secured several principal witnesses, then he offered terms of capitulation, and compromised for ten thousand pounds, to *put our stranger* in the undisturbed possession of the title and estates; he wanted no litigation, he accepted the conditions, and our wanderer, now Earl Fitz Ormond, with his bosom burning alike with paternal impatience, to clasp the child of Eglentine in his arms, and with emotions of gratitude and affection towards the noble Jane, arrived in England.

His consternation and horror at the change of her condition, and his torture for the few moments he conceived it his son, who was disputing her rights, (for

of any other nephew no one had ever heard, till Don Diego with his pretensions started up,) have been faintly described already; his agonies could only be equalled by his delight on being undeceived.

The night, or rather the morning, he assisted in rescuing Jane at Lord Berkhamstead's masquerade, he had heard that Mr. Fitz Ormond was to be there; the father prevailed; and to indulge the fond emotions of a parent's pleading heart, he hazarded the discovery his feelings might have made, to steal one look of the beloved object; for, through the means of an Irish chairman at the hotel where he put up, he was not only assured he was to be there, but was directed to the shop where his dress was hired.

What past there is also known, with his re-introduction to Jane in her

humble residence, and his remuneration of her former confidence and kindness.

And here let us pause—and here let the sons and daughters of affliction be counselled to take patience, and reflect that, often while a guardian providence is preparing the rich cup of felicity, wild and ungoverned passion blindly counteracts the gracious purpose, and annihilates human hope for ever.

CHAP. V.

ALFRED, as he entered the prison with his brother's discharge, was shocked at hearing a confused murmur of voices, all pitying and commenting on a poor unfortunate prisoner, who had that moment shot himself ; but being pressed for time, and little supposing that he was so nearly interested in the fatal transaction, he hastened to his brother's apartment, and entered it at the very instant, in which Lord Fitz Ormond, under the assumed name of Alvanley, had despairingly thrown himself by the prostrate and bleeding body of his new found son.

Intenseness of feeling continued to hold Mrs. Moreland as if in the dark stupor of death ; and Dillon in some measure partook of his mother's stupefaction ; it alike deprived him of speech and action, yet did not exclude the sensibility of pain.

Alfred approached, for part of the partition that had divided the rooms was thrown down ; he threw a look of anguish on the whole ; the dreadful whole burst on his soul at once ; all around was still, all appeared locked in the icy arms of death.

The eyes of Jane were closed, her cheeks and lips were white, yet there remained a soft shade of melancholy beauty blending with the wanness of her features, that charmed while it maddened the aching sense.

Fitz Ormond's eye seemed fixed, it stood open, but had lost all expression, and

from every livid lineament of his face, all intelligence was gone.

“Dead! — Dead! — are they dead!” shrieked Lord Fitz Ormond, starting up in wild and glaring delirium with both in his arms—“No, not dead,—I came home to his wedding!—I am a Lord—he shall be a lord too—dead!—Proud!—No!—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Dead indeed—no—but Hildebrande shall—shall—Ha!—Jane too, so beautiful, so good—she—blood! blood!” shaking his dripping hands, “blood—it is—it is—What is it?—Who am I?—I am—” he shrieked—“Eglentine! I am—I am his father—his father—his father!”

Here his voice sunk low—it congealed the circling blood, for it had a plaintive horror which tore the heart.

With the involuntary fortitude of despair, Alfred drew near; he bent over

them ; something he discerned, yet he spoke not, but like the lightning's rapid flash he flew down stairs, and in hurried accents asked, " if any medical man were within the walls, as the doors were closed, and instant aid wanting?"

A poor navy surgeon, who slept on the tap-room bench, for want of better quarters, offered his services, and with Alfred flew to the scene of horror.

" Air, and water, and bandages !" he cried.

Alfred took a shawl from his mother's shoulders and tore it into long pieces, while the surgeon, with a tenderness seldom experienced from the boisterous sons of Neptune, removed Jane whom he perceived had only fainted ; he then laid his hand on Hildebrando Fitz Ormond's breast, pressed it a moment, and then with

a smile of feeling, which imparted beauty to a roughened, sun-burnt set of features, cried---“ There is life.”

That voice which whispers to the proud wave, “ No farther shalt thou go !” that regulating finger which directs the rolling spheres, and guides unnumbered worlds through boundless ether, boundless space--- with Him our very hairs are counted, and all our moments watched. He deals us mercies with an unsparing hand, and from despair’s dark chamber can raise a chosen creature to shew forth his glory.

* * * * *

When Jane gazed through the aperture of the partition, that bright beam which a candle on the point of extinction emits, fell full on ghastly features; the soul of Jane knew those features, and acknowledged the adored Fitz Ormond. She saw

the pistol ; thought was instantaneous, heaven gave her energy not her own ; it mingled with the feebleness of her frame, she felt nerved, and her feet, the feet of innocence, guided by a ray of saving mercy from Him her spirit ever devoutly served, reached him.

He had seen her fragile form ; he had felt his pistol strongly graspt—what his thoughts then were none ever knew.

He touched the trigger ; but the second in which he did touch it,---Jane's heaven-directed finger touched it too ; it was turned aside---it might have been a single hair's breadth that it did turn, but less than the fine attenuated hair, Omnipotence can make the agent of human preservation.

When Jane, wan of feature, and with fearful eye, glided silently past them, the father, Mrs. Moreland, and Dillon, started up,

and, alarmed at her uncommon aspect, and calmly wild demeanour, instantly followed her to the poor suicide's room. Too soon the awful scene was understood ; too soon the unhappy father recognised in the prostrate bleeding youth, the son of his heart, the son of his adored, dead Eglentine.

Horrors crowded through his mind ; his blood congealed, his brain grew numbed, his heart deadened, and an icy heaviness was chilling every faculty ; he fell, while the wretched Jane, in a death-like insensibility, ceased to feel, and ceased to suffer.

A great loss of blood had almost reduced the enfeebled frame of Hildebrande Fitz Ormond to infantine weakness ; but, it also abated the fever of feeling, and every stormy passion sunk to meekness within his bosom ; and, as returning intellect threw its beam over his awakened

mind, he was struck with pious awe, and deeply deprecated the presumptuous deed de pair had urged him to perpetrate; and as horror and adoration commingled in his bosom, he reflected, and the reflection raised in his soul a gratitude bordering on a sentiment divine, that in the very moment human passions had nerved a sacriligious hand to destroy the sacred gift of being, and annihilate every earthly, every heavenly hope, a beneficent providence had sent a noble father, and the most worshipped of her kind, to woo him back to comfort, honor, and felicity.

Among the first days of Fitz Ormond's sitting, Jane became his nurse; and her endearing smiles and attentions proved most healing and reviving cordials; their thoughts were pure as the first happy pair before sin or sorrow was known; the

days of innocence and peace revived within their bosoms, and with their feelings they were imparadised.

She was reclining one morning on the sofa by him, her soft arm was round his neck, and her other hand claspt his with modest fervour; for some moments they were silent, yet every passing thought gave expression to Fitz Ormond's features; a shade of sadness was seen, and a repressed sigh was heard—the watchful ear of love heard it.

“Blessed Mary!” he cried, looking in her fine, yet anxious face, with love ineffable, and while he spoke, feelings superior to *self*, gave speaking colours to his pale cheek, bright as the tints of opening roses; “Mary, my Mary, even in the hallowed circle of these tender and beloved arms,

one darkening thought reminds me that human felicity is imperfect."

"Dear Fitz Ormond!"

"Dear Mary! can we be *happy*, so *happy*, when a *friend*, our *friend*, *Jane De Dunstanville*, is a wanderer, wronged, poor, and suffering? Mary, I feel that Jane is wanting to make happiness *perfect*; her esteem mingling with our love, would, oh——"

Fitz Ormond could not go on.

Jane *now* felt the acme of human bliss; she was worshipped as Mary, she was esteemed as Jane; her *character and herself* had produced the sentiment her soul, in its proudest, richest, most enthusiastic moments had desired; that moment remunerated an age of suffering, it was worth a millenium of vulgar joy.

"Fitz Ormond," she cried, her beau-

tiful face glowing with promise, like a summer morning, her beaming eyes speaking the tale, before her ruby lips could tell it, "be human happiness perfect! our God makes goodness happiness; he makes heaven every where.

"Fitz Ormond—your Mary is Jane. I am Jane De Dunstanville!"

Speechless they sunk into each others arms; intensity of feeling, intensity of bliss had reached its utmost point, and every sense was lulled in soft delirium; yet holy virtue chastened the mutual rapture, and their rapture was seraphic.

Fitz Ormond was still weak; the moment was too much for attenuated feeling, and the mind's wasting energy, with the body's feebleness, rendered it too much, but Lord Fitz Ormond entered; his appearance roused the dormant senses,

rallied the spirits, the enchantment dissolved, nature revived, and in a few minutes the lovers were themselves again ; could be rational, and were serenely happy.

It would have been tedious and uninteresting, and so similar to every detail of fluctuating hopes, and the apprehensions of slow and lingering recoveries, that we trust our brevity on the subject will be excused, and that simply saying all had removed to Grosvenor Street, and the first medical people were called in, will suffice ; but Jane, whose beneficence was ever active, and whose gratitude was ever warm, commissioned Dillon Moreland to liberate Mr. Neville, the Navy Surgeon, whose attention and skill had been so happily beneficial in the moments of danger and exigency ; apartments were prepared for

him in the house, and in the soft expression of Jane's grateful eye, and in the fervid pressure of the doting father's hand, the long indigent and neglected Neville, anticipated future patronage and independence.

Fitz Ormond's wound had only been dangerous, from the vast effusion of blood, and with his father for a nurse, and Jane for his gentle physician, with the watchful attention which now awaited his every look, it will not be doubted but his recovery was rapid.

During these hours of confinement, every mystery, with long dormant events, were developed and explained ; but as the reader has been progressively acquainted with them as they occurred, a repetition would only be superfluous and obtrusive.

One morning, that their conversation

assumed rather a sombre shade, the dying bed of Sir Geoffry became the topic; and Jane, half affecting a pretty anger, said she had often reflected on the disgust he had expressed for her features, when deformed by the small pox, with some regret, "for oh, Hildebrande," she added, "what dependance should be placed on an attachment which gave such consequence to a complexion and set of features?"

"My fair, my too severe moralist," he replied, "I must think a pretty face, a very pretty thing."

"It is pleasing, certainly," said Jane, very seriously, "but I should sink in my own estimation, and your sentiment would fall in value, could I believe a possession so evanescent, and held in common by the most degraded of my sex, were considered among my principal attractions."

“Sweetest Jane, wear a softer look ! for I swear in that day your bright image, Mary’s image, sat enthroned within my soul, and would have turned a Hebe to a Hecate, or a Venus to Medusa, in my eyes.”

The entrance of Mrs. Moreland and her daughters, followed by a harp and new music, suspended further conversation, and the harmony of Jane’s sweet tones once more enraptured the ear of Fitz Ormond.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VERY few weeks after the commotion, arising from these interesting and extraordinary events had subsided, when the perturbation of tumultuous delight yielded to a sweet and satisfied serenity; when the father could be reasonable in his new happiness, and the lovers rational in their joy, Lord Fitz Ormond, with paternal exultation, mentioned their nuptials.

Jane was superior to affectation, and her blushing cheeks spoke her willingness, but the chastened beam of her bright eye repressed the swelling rapture of her lover, and inspired a hallowed feeling,

which purity itself might feel and continue pure.

“Wait only a little longer, my dear Lord,” said she, and her rosy lips pleaded with the gazing lover against the prayer they uttered, “only a very little longer, and who knows but that when my grandee cousin finds I have a greater grandee father to assert my rights, he may spare us the trouble of wading through the Court of Chancery, by resigning his pretensions.”

“He shall very soon feel my power, my child,” replied his Lordship, “and now I see four little prancers very ambitious to bear you to Hyde Park.”

Lord Fitz Ormond had no pride nor delight equal to the testifying his love and admiration of his beautiful daughter elect, and as he knew she was partial to driving a

curricie, he had purchased her a splendid one, with four elegant little grey poneys, and now accompanied by the pale, though interesting Hildebrande, the day being very fine, for the first time they drove to Rotten Row.

The Park was crowded with beauty, rank, and fashion ; and many a glass from the hand of equestrian and pedestrian, was levelled at the blooming Jane and her elegant companion ; many recognized the fascinating heiress ; and, indeed, she most unexpectedly broke upon their astonished sight with redoubled brilliancy, and they welcomed her like the fair star of morning after a gloomy night of storm.

The crowd of carriages was so excessive, that Jane's curricie was impeded, and while looking over the gay assemblage

with infinite satisfaction, she beheld Lady Ellen Sterling's chariot close to her; instantly they caught each others affectionate glance, and instantly her ladyship's glasses were down.

"Dear Lady Ellen!" and "dear Miss De Dunstanville!" were scarcely exchanged, when Jane surveyed her friend's figure; she was in deep mourning.

"I fear to ask," said Jane.

"My father," replied Lady Ellen, sighing, "he was my father, and I feel—but tell me," she continued, "where have you been hiding yourself? where have you been, dearest Miss De Dunstanville; I have so much to ask—I have heard such things! where have you been?"

"I have been to school," replied Jane smiling, "learning useful lessons for the future."

“School!” repeated Lady Ellen, with some surprise, “surely you jest.”

“Indeed I do not, come home with me, and you shall be introduced to some pupils of my class, whom you will find much improved; you will not need our discipline, yet will profit by our lessons.”

“You deal in riddles,” cried her Ladyship, when with a blush, that betrayed more than met the eye, she enquired how dear Mrs. Moreland and her family were.

“All well,” cried Jane, whose heart could understand whom the enquiry included, “she and her two dear fellows, and her bonny lassies, are all well, on a visit to Lord Fitz Ormond; but I forgot, you do not know his Lordship.”

“Mr. Fitz Ormond, I believe,” interrupted her Ladyship, looking kindly, and extending a hand to the interesting invalid,

“a thousand pardons; I did not know you
—you—”

“You have a great deal to know,” cried Jane, “so as soon as we can steer our way out of this dear delectable carriage squeeze, come with me, and the budget shall unfold all its arcana.”

Jane accidentally turning her head perceived Lady Clancarron, and her son in an open Barouche.

The Countess's eyes were fixed upon her, the brilliancy of her undiminished beauty, her splendid appearance, the rich liveries and attendants, and above all other torture, Fitz Ormond being with her, struck her like a withering blight; they were basilisks to her sight, horror to her senses, and while the guilt of a condemning spirit, shed a ghastly paleness over every agitated, every alarmed feature, she

gaspt, "Fitz Ormond and Miss De Dunstanville!" "Fitz Ormond and Miss De Dunstanville!" calmly repeated Jane. She said no more.

A darkened red had flushed Lord Clancarron's naturally livid cheeks, and the gloomy fire of an appalled soul gleamed in his heavy eyes; he essayed to articulate, but it was only an essay, even his mother's effrontery could no longer support him; indeed, it had forsaken herself, when suffering alike the tremors of guilt, and the terrors of detection and exposure, and overwhelmed with the weight of inward transgression, and all its bitter consequences, without the power to utter another word, she sunk back in the barouche, and the carriages in a few minutes moved on.

Lady Ellen with glowing cheeks, and a heart whose beatings were loud and

quick, accompanied Jane and Fitz Ormond to Grosvenor Street, when a tender virtuous mother sanctified the chaste embrace with which Dillon Moreland met his modest and dignified Ellen.

A stroke of apoplexy had suddenly carried off her father without the preparation of an hour, and her Ladyship was now become the uncontrolled mistress of her own destiny and fortune.

Lady Danglecour, and her malignant sister, fit associates for each other, had gone to Bath, to becomingly pass the days of their becoming mourning. While Lady Ellen, who felt as much as such a daughter *could* feel for such a father, remained in town, where she had vainly wearied herself with enquiries after Mrs. Moreland, Jane, and Dillon; and she was yielding to a gloomy hopelessness, when

her accidental rencontre with Jane herself, restored her gentle and generous heart to hope, love, friendship, and anticipated felicity.

CHAPTER VII.

"AMONG many of my unremunerated obligations," said Jane, to Lord Fitz Ormond, "I remember one which gratitude must not neglect; I mean the poor fellow, and his honest dog, that first rescued me the night of Lord Berkhamstead's masquerade."

"I think," observed his Lordship, "he may be easily traced by the properties of his dog. I will take a ride to-morrow, and if so fortunate as to discover him, you shall deal him reward yourself."

Jane's eyes on these occasions were generally more expressive than her lips;

she was often eloquent in silence, and now kissing the dear hand she held, she arose, and to hide her emotion ran out of the room, saying, "she must dress for dinner."

It was an enlivening morning, early in May, when Lord Fitz Ormond on horseback, attended by a single servant out of livery, reached a romantic village on the banks of the Thames, at the end of which were the spacious pleasure grounds belonging to the Earl of Berkhamstead.

His Lordship had alighted, and giving his horse to the servant, resolved to make enquiries on foot; and he had entered a narrow path leading to the common lane, when a coffin, borne by a few villagers, and followed by an aged woman, carrying a baby, came suddenly on his view. It was not here a sight, seen every day

as in the great city, and the humble followers were weeping. Lord Fitz Ormond asked who was going to the grave? "It was a village maiden," they said; "she had been lovely, lowly, and simple, had borne an eighteen months' strange sickness, pined away with such slow wasting, as had made the hour of death most welcome. The knell was sounding sadly through the vale, and it caused a pause for sobs. Annie had borne *unhusbanded* a mother's name, and he who should have cherished the bosom which never had more than innocence to cheer it, left her a wretched one; the scorn of every sister maiden, the pity of many a village swain; evil tongues grew very busy, and Annie was marked for being—what she had not made herself. She had one ill heavier than all the rest—forgetfulness from him

she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote, but only once, and that drop of comfort came to mingle with her cup of wretchedness.

Annie never more had tidings ; Mary heard from Henry, but no mention was ever made of Annie, so she pined, and pined away, and for herself and baby toiled, and toiled till she sunk with weakness.

Her old mother omitted no kind office, and she worked very hard, and even with hard working, barely earned enough to make life struggle ; thus she lay on the sick bed of poverty, so worn and wasted, that she could make no effort to express affection for her infant ; and the child, whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her, with strangest infant ingratitude, shunned her as one indifferent ; but Annie was *past that anguish*, for she felt her hour draw

on, and it was her only comfort now to think on the grave.

“Poor, poor, Annie!” her mother said, “thou hast suffered much!”

“Aye, mother! there is none can tell what I have suffered!” she faintly replied; “but I shall soon be where they rest—and never suffer.”

And Annie did rest her soon, for it has pleased God to take her now to be among his own.

The *hero* of this simple fragment is great, reputed good, and seems happy; he has many children, and they move among the nobles of the land; he has *one* baby, and *it* eats parish bread; what bread may it not one day eat! what sin may it not one night commit! she is beautiful, and Annie's wrongs may rise with vengeance,

when and *where* least expected, to crush a *father*.

Lord Fitz Ormond had almost made the circuit of the village, when two rosy-cheeked children, at their innocent gambols before a cottage door, attracted his notice ; he was pleased with their looks of innocence, and gave them some silver, of which, young as they were, they seemed to know the value, for, flying into the hut, they exultingly cried, “ Look, mammy, look !”

The astonished mother hastened out, and, thanking the generous donor, dropt many of her lowliest courtesies, and wished she knew how to make amends.

“ You can, possibly, do more than make amends,” replied his lordship, “ and insure to yourself a larger bounty.”

The woman assured him of her good

will, and courtesying more humbly than before, begged to learn his honor's pleasure.

“Do you know any of your neighbours who has a remarkable fierce dog? one that seizes in the instant his master desires it?”

“As sure as eggs is eggs, your honour means Tim Welby's Siezem.”

“Where can I find this Tim Welby and his Siezem?” asked his Lordship.

“An, please you, Sir, Tim works along with my husband in the turnip field, for since these sore hard times, they are glad to get a hand's turn any where; I expects them main soon to what they can catch, and that is little enough, for only last Monday, as ever was, but one, I'll tell your honor——”

“Good mistress,” interrupted his lord-

ship, "direct me to this Tim who owns the dog, and here is a something to make your next Monday better than the last."

The poor woman felt transported, it was a note, but she could not give her transport expression, for at the moment her husband, Tim Welby, and a rough shaggy mastiff made their appearance.

"Tim Welby," she halloo'd as they approached, "I say, Tim Welby, here be a gentleman's worthy honour as wants you, and Siezem."

"Wants Siezem!" noa a cant part wi Siezem howsomedever."

"Nor shall you, my honest fellow," said Lord Fitz Ormond, "I only would ask you a few questions, and will amply recompense you for your answers."

"Ain no great hand at speechifying, your honour," said Tim, stroking his

lank hair over his brows, "but I'll speak true, yes, aye, true, and that is best for poor folks."

"Or for the rich folks either, my honest fellow; and now say, do you recollect the night that Lord Berkhamstead had a ball?"

"Aye, do I," and Tim looked fiercely bold; "and somebody else mayhap remembers it better, and so would Siezem say, if so be as the poor beastess could speak, but he can't, your honour, he can't speak, so I wool for un. A dom'd big black,—dom me if I know what he was, but he would have runned off with the sweetest, beautifullest creature! for her devil's face fell off, and I saw her own sure enough; and so I say, he, the huge big one would have runned off with the pretty one, but she cried to save her, for marcy to save

her. Oah ! I could think I hear her, and could cry now myself at her voice, it was so pure sweet ; and for all that, I could ha done less than little, for there was another black devil ! so what does I but says, ‘ Siezem ! to him Siezem ! and by goles he had him by the arm in a trice, in less time than I can say boh ! he had un down and off runned the beautiful creature like a feather in the wind ; the big black one did so groan and moan, and I knowed Siezem’s way, and when she was clear off, and out of sight, calls him off, but I’ feck-ens, out came bit and all ; and the blood, how it did run about ! and he did so curse and stamp, and rave outlandish gibberish, till at last comes another, and says, ‘ All waits.’ ‘ H——l waits,’ says he, plump enough, and then he spoke in our own old tongue, and then away they all three

trudged, and I'll warrant the big black un will not forget Siezem for one while."

"And was the flesh entirely torn from the arm?" asked his lordship.

"Yes, your honour, Siezem never leaves his bit behind un; it was in his clinched teeth, sleeve and altogether, I ha kept it, your honour, wi a glittering thing, and all that some a un lost e cod they never comed for it, thoff I had it printed in our paper three times over."

"Will you oblige me with a sight of the piece of the sleeve you have preserved?"

"That a wool, your honour, ring and all, and belike you may tell me—what to make ont, for it has a main glister that's for sure."

Tim Welby now hastened through a lane to an adjoining cottage, while Lord

Fitz Ormond secretly indulged some presentiment, that the sleeve might lead to a discovery of the unprincipled ruffian, who had so daringly premeditated the outrage against Jane.

Tim presented the pieces ; one was a piece of apparently dark-coloured cloth, but so distained with blood that the hue was undistinguishable ; the other shred was of thick black silk, and though nothing extraordinary appeared in them, his lordship asked what could purchase these trophies of Siezem's valour ?

Poor Tim said " his honour had paid enough money," looking with a wishful eye at his neighbour's treasure, which the good housewife still held in her hand ; " but if he could get enough for new shoes—"

" Here is a five pound note, Tim," said

his lordship, "and be in the way to-morrow, or next day, about this hour, and—"

Tim fell on his knees in rapture, "Five pound!" he cried, "five pound! dear, dear, your honor, your generous noble honor, take ring and all, take it, take it;" and as he spoke, the grateful being forced it into his lordship's hand; but no sooner had it met his eye, than, staggering a few paces backward, he leaned against the cottage wall for support, trembled violently, and in accents weak and tremulous, with claspt hands and uplifted eyes, he cried, "Eglentine! Eglentine! once again."

The poor simple beings around him were terrified at his sudden and strange emotion, and were flying in every direction, bawling for help, and the *potecary*, for the dying gentleman, when the outcry,

reaching the ear of the servant, he rode up to the scene of confusion.

His lordship, however, had somewhat recovered composure; he mounted his horse, and promising to see Tim soon again, absorbed in a profound reverie, he slowly returned to town, and did not appear till the bell sounded for dinner, when, unmindful of appearance, he descended without having even thrown off his boots.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dinner past in sombre silence ; it had been gloomy and unsocial ; Lord Fitz Ormond appeared sunk in the depths of rumination, and every bosom felt cheerless, without being able to assign any reason for the depression.

At length, however, his lordship addressed Jane ; “ I have, fortunately,” said he, “ discovered your champion and his dog, my dear Jane, and some day soon we must pay them a visit ; it is a strange ugly cur, but mighty trustworthy in his embassies to the flesh, (added he, attempting to smile gaily) for he never leaves it.

without substantial proofs of his having been there; therefore, the ruffian must cut off his arm, else Siezem's marks will betray him."

Some appropriate observations followed, but his lordship saying " he had to go out on private business, which might detain him till late in the evening, the ladies proposed going to the Theatre to see a pretty little actress, who gave promise of celebrity; the young lady had been well educated, and was well connected, but, at an early age, falling in love with *independence*, the pride it inspired, led her to the exertion of very pleasing talents, and it was generally allowed she had but one fault, and *that* fault in the *actress* forms the fairest flower in the wreath of feminine graces—diffidence.

The party reached Grosvenor-street just

as Lord Fitz Ormond was retiring for the night ; he pleaded a slight head ache as an apology for his unusual retreat, and requesting breakfast might be ordered at an early hour, he left his family to comment on a reserve which, though it created little or no alarm, being very uncustomary, occasioned considerable and varied conjecture.

His Lordship was the first at the breakfast-table next morning, and betrayed something of a calm impatience to have the repast over, and the equipage was removing, when Hildebrande affectionately enquired if any circumstance had occurred to disturb him ?

“ My dear boy, I have some business to transact which I prefer doing my own way ; a diversity of opinions would only confuse without altering my own, and

pretty lips might be pleading for pity, where I determine justice alone shall hold her even steady balance."

Further question and rejoinder were suspended by the entrance of a servant, informing his Lordship two gentlemen in a hackney coach enquired for him, and that his own chariot was in waiting.

He instantly went out, and seating himself in the carriage, desired the two gentlemen who had come in the hack to follow him, when saying to the attending footman, "Lady Clancarron's," the carriage drove off.

The Countess's door being opened, his Lordship and friends entered the hall, and demanded to see Lord and Lady Clancarron.

"They are at breakfast and not yet visible—but your name, Sir?"

“ The breakfast-room, Sir,” cried his Lordship, and sans ceremonie, followed by his friends, he ascended the stairs after the servant, who, surprised at such abrupt visitors, and to precede them at all being obliged to run, he had scarcely time to say, “ Company,” when the unexpected trio stood in the presence of the Countess Clancarron.

The Earl, Lady Florence, Don Diego, and her Ladyship, were seated at the morning repast, but on their entrance, as if actuated by one impulse all arose.

“ A most unprecedented obtrusion,” said her Ladyship with haughtiness, while gathering indignation swelled her robust frame ; “ what want you, good people, here ? Who are you ? ”

Lord Fitz Ormond fixed his eye upon

her, its expression was piercing and she felt it.

“Extraordinary occasions require an extraordinary procedure; but for your satisfaction, *I*, Madam, am Earl Fitz Ormond, the father of Hildebrande, the widowed husband of Eglentine, the uncle of Jane De Dunstanville.—They are my children, I am their parent, their legal protector, and will be the powerful defender of their mutual rights.”

The recollection of accumulated misdeeds, and dark transgressions, rushed to the brain of the Countess, and threw a guilty paleness over every agitated feature. The Earl, he shrunk, he shivered in thought, and would have retreated within the foldings of hypocrisy, which had so long, but that, he feared, would no longer

hide him from obloquy, shame, and punishment.

A vindictive wrath sat on the scowling brows of Lady Florence, and her lips were white with the irrepressible rancor bursting from an envenomed heart. All for an instant were still, as if the dumbness of death had suspended the power of speech.

Lord Fitz Ormond, with steady and commanding step approached Don Diego; a stern expression of unuttered thought had thrown a dreadful darkness over his strong lined features, and a gloomy fire gleamed in eyes, which spoke the wild perturbations of a bold adventurous spirit.

Lord Fitz Ormond spoke.

“Don Diego D’Almeyda, is that your name?”

The Don paused,—“My name!”

“Your name, Don!”

“Presumption makes the demand, only presumption would venture to doubt it.”

The Don's countenance, however, wore a doubtful expression as he spoke.

“*I do not doubt,*” repeated his Lordship, advancing a step nearer, “No, do you know this jewel, Don Diego?”

“Know it?”

“I make the repetition, do you know it?”

“I think not.”

Yet the Don's features looked very wan:

“It fell from your finger, however, the night—”

Don Diego started aghast.

“Aye, *Don Diego*, it fell from your finger the night---Do you forget, when with ruffian violence, or rather like a fiend, you would have forced the heiress of De Dunstanville to become your wife!”

“False ! false as h—ll !” shrieked Lady Florence---“he is---”

Lord Fitz Ormond interrupted her, “Young Lady, I know what he is ; your spirit may be needful hereafter, in pity to yourself, then, spare it now.”

“Don Diego !” She gaspt, clinging to him with a look of helplessness,—“My brain, my soul is burning !— speak, speak !—what ---are you not---”

“Peace ! wretched woman, peace !” he cried, shaking her off.

“What can this mean ? has madness seized them both ?” thought Lady Clancarron in horrid wonder ; but she restrained the rising fury of her bursting heart, and gazed in silence.

“That night,” resumed Lord Fitz Ormond, “the one I have described, the one

you well remember, this jewel fell from your finger, and mark !”

Lord Fitz Ormond’s eye beamed awe as he bade him mark !

“For twenty years it was the companion of my heart ; an argel placed it there ; what, what was he who stole it thence?— Don Diego, know you such a man ?”

“I bought the ring—a travelling jew—”

“Better choke on the falsehood than speak it ; I know you ; do you remember Madeira ? how a man, a Signor Vallini, taking advantage of a servant’s absence, and a sick man’s delirium, robbed a Mr. Alvanley of two hundred guineas, and among other valuables this ring ?”

“Alvanley !” repeated Don Diego, surveying him, and while he gazed, his glaring eye turned to a gloomy white.

“Alvanley?”

“Yes, Alvanley; why the iteration, what can Alvanley have to do with *Don Diego*? man be open, speak truth, say what you are; the fiend you serve has ensnared — betrayed you — you are known.”

The strong workings of stern despair were visible; pride, vengeance, rage, and desperate defiance mingled their fires in his dark bosom, and he looked all over fiend; they who beheld him shuddered, and in dreadful anticipation, looked as if something strange and horrid was coming. With a fierce and haughty stride, he paced the room, *they* who had accompanied Lord Fitz Ormond stepped between him and the door.

“Am I beset?” he cried, his gigantic form proudly, sternly looking down.

“You pass not, Sir.”

“Not pass!” his tones they sounded not human, “well then,” he cried, “still I am myself, and hurl you all defiance.”

He was indeed himself.

“Yes, strong and bold will be myself unto myself; I am Vallini! while at Madeira, your purse suited my purpose, and I seized it; at Lisbon as Don Diego, *this* family met my views, and I used them. In England, I aspired, soared yet higher, would have had your heiress in my grasp; but perdition to the puny powers of baby-man! a wretched mastiff’s jaws, baffled my determined arm, and the soul that never yielded to a man, was conquered by a dog!”

His words struck Lady Clancarron speechless, her blood felt curdling with new and strange terrors, yet she could only gaze wildly, first on one, and then on another; till at length her heavy eye fixed on

her daughter, whose bosom was racked with tearing tortures never felt before.

Horrible fears shook all of man in the nature of Lord Clancarron, and his countenance betrayed the dark alarms of hidden guiltiness.

“We witness the prisoner’s own voluntary confession,” said one of the two, who were officers of justice.

“Diego! oh Diego!” shrieked Lady Florence, “what, what is this?”

“Call you me your prisoner?” said the wretched being, and he wore a smile such as demons wear in their dark security.

“Am I your prisoner?”

“You are our prisoner, and must go with us.”

He seemed to shrink within himself, and for a moment mused in secret thought, again he was erect and bold.

He approached Lady Clancarron; she

groaned in anguish, and hiding her face with her hands, cried in agony, "Leave us! leave us, Don Diego, leave us!"

"Fear not that," said he; "yet one moment more, yet some few words, and I will leave you."

He moved a step, the officers followed.

"I meditate not escape, good keepers, ha! ha! ha!" and his laugh was the deepened laugh of frenzy, "what fear you? when a dog, a very dog, once mastered this arm—before I go, my worthy Sirs, where do you take me?"

"Newgate is the county gaol, but—"

"Enough! no further explanation."

Again he drew near the countess, she looked up, and met his glaring eye; a stern and calm despair, a proud defiance, mingled with some passion not to be defined, it was felt, strongly felt, in the sinner's soul; his eyes gleamed in their swar-

thy orbs, and all his form looked terribly determined ; he spoke, his words they fell like numbing bolts upon the fibres of her heart, they were the gnawing darts of retribution to her own condemning spirit.

“ Lady Clancarron,” and she shuddered in the cold grasp of his deathly fingers, “ Lady Clancarron, *we have known, we do know each other* ; hearken to a voice you never more will hear ; this moment you behold me ; Lady Florence *is my wife* ! in another moment you will not behold me, and again *she will be your daughter* !”

The mother shivered in new agonies : he continued.

“ Boldly and prepared I meet my doom ; let power and punishments come on, my soul can scorn them.”

Lady Florence, in bitter humbleness of

spirit, had crawled to his feet ; “ Live ! oh live, Diego ! ” she said, clinging to his knees, “ you may live, for Jane will pity, ah look not, look not such a look, she will pity, she will plead, will forgive ! ”

He raised her hand, gently raised it to his parched and whitened lip, and bending over her kneeling form, inwardly uttered, “ wife ——— ”

The last ray of lingering feeling, of a human feeling within his bosom, accompanied and expired with that word ; and it gave a softened tint to his dark cheek, with a momentary and milder beam to his closing eye—that look was her’s, and he never looked again.

While bending over his distracted wife, he had buried a poniard deep, even up to the hilt within his own heart ; the blood gushed forth, he staggered, and fell.

As life receded, the bluey shades of

death's last cold pang gathered fast over his wrung features — the word—"Pardon!" with short and thickening breath, was half respired, and in one heavy, writhing groan, the dark soul left its convulsed mansion, for the society of kindred spirits in the regions of untried being.

Lady Clancarron's horror and multiplied agonies found refuge for a time in utter insensibility.

The wretched widowed Florence, feeling neither the fortitude of innocence, nor a claim to the commiseration of the good, yielded to all the indecent violence of irremediable despair. She tore her hair and bosom; curses and imprecations too horrible for repetition, or to be heard by the gentle and good, wereshrieked through gnashing teeth, and lips foaming with ungoverned fury, till at length nature, too

feeble to sustain the varied tumult of such rending torture any longer, she fell into those unconscious convulsions, the agony of which has never been described, because indescribable.

Lord Clancarron, with the imbecility of conscious guilt, and trembling apprehension, stood as if transfixed, gazing vacantly on the scene of complicated horror which surrounded him, and involved his family, their comforts, and their character.

Lord Fitz Ormond, whose generous and humane nature was severely shocked at the tragical end of a man, whose daring enormities had not only left a stain on humanity, but deeply implicated a branch of the family revered by his heart, and endeared by many a soft remembrance, acted with calm and dignified propriety on the distressing occasion. Cool and collected

he supplied the want of others exertion, and gave necessary orders that the corpse might be removed for the Coroner's inquest, which done, he recommended the Countess and her widowed daughter to the care and attention of their domestics, and returning to Grosvenor Street, in the bosom of domestic endearment, and innocent peace, found calmness and composure.

CHAPTER IX.

DIEGO Vallini was born of Italian parents, respectable in their character, but obscure in their condition; his appetites were strong and his passions violent, and his early habits so irregular and depraved, that the sorrow-stricken parents were meditating an application to the police, in order to restrain his enormities, and by monastic discipline awaken him to a sense of error; when taking advantage of their temporary absence from home, he robbed them of their whole store, and fled from the paternal roof for ever.

In various climates, and under various

characters, he practised on the unsuspecting nature, and that guileless confidence, which thinking no ill itself, believes no ill of another, familiar with deception, and a perfect adept in dissimulation, he sometimes almost worked himself up to believe himself the person he represented.

His mind was comprehensive, and he possessed a depth of thought and subtlety of invention, which enabled him to circumvent those with better sense, and superior abilities, and for several years, under the specious mark of a grave sedate exterior, and a profound veneration for the sciences, he had enriched his coffers by the arts of a Chevalier D'Industrie.

“ Every character,” he had been heard to say, “ had its dark shade, and the strongest mind some vulnerable part, at which folly could gain admission—it was

a weakness, but he was partial to games of chance, and after a day of study the gaming table had his nights."

He never remained long in one place, changed his name with his abode, and would frequently throw away small sums to lure the unguarded, to venture a stake worth his dexterity to secure.

Thus had Vallini realized a considerable sum, without having done more than exciting suspicion of what never could be proved, and with his principles and character unsuspected, he arrived at Madeira, in the specious appearance of a foreign merchant, at the period Lord Fitz Ormond, under the assumed name of Alvanley, was there. He had often met him in public, and endeavoured to insinuate himself into his confidence, but there was a dark cunning and busy curiosity, which

at times would break through his reserve, from which the generous nature recoils, and the heart of Lord Fitz Ormond shrunk from.

Ever on the watch to take advantage of circumstances, he casually heard, during the supposed Alvanley's illness, that he had a large sum of money in gold ; the servant had mentioned it to secure his master attention, and it was during this poor fellow's short absence, that Signor Vallini, who had a *pass partout* for almost every lock, failed here ; but the vessel he was to depart in being under weigh, a trifle did not impede him, he broke the lock, and with daring hand not only took every guinea, but approaching the bed, purloined his watch, and while taking it, his rapacious eye fixed on a *ring* suspended by a black ribbon from the sick man's neck.

Had not the unconscious sufferer's every sense been dormant, the stern sisters severing shears, which clip the vitalthread of being, had been less severely felt, than when with ruthless and remorseless hand the plunderer tore the first love gift of dear departed Egline from the widowed bosom, where holy lasting love had enshrined it.

The eye that ever wakes, and ever watches, beheld the deed, and commissioned angels guarded the sacred pledge ; though in a felon's keeping, it was safe, and in the hour appointed, was made the instrument of detection and condemnation to the sinner's soul.

The robbery was not known till after Vallini's departure, when its suddenness, and his having been seen in the invalid's apartment, gave rise to conjectures, if not

absolute certainty, that he was the plunderer.

On his arrival in Portugal, he found himself possessed of property which would have answered all the honest and honourable purposes of a moderate mind ; but the even path of integrity is a difficult walk for the crooked spirit ; Vallini knew not its easy peaceful geography, and such was his emboldened depravity, that difficulty and danger only added charms to an enterprise.

Landing in one of the remote provinces of Portugal, he resolved to purchase a name and title, with a chateau, which the internal commotion of the country rendered an easy purchase ; he could then say *who he was* when *it suited*, and as he now seriously meditated some dernier coup that would enable him to pass for a foreign

nobleman in England, where he longed to display his supereminent abilities ; the possession of this chateau answered his purpose, and in a moment he became Don Diego D'Almeyda, (the name of the estate) and with much eclat he made his appearance in Lisbon.

An apparent success and prosperity are often, for a time, allowed by providence to attend the most unjustifiable actions, while the culpable being, wrapped up in fancied security, is progressively led on to that point which is to terminate in shame, exposure, and ruin.

Lady Clancarron and her family had arrived there on their plans, a very short time before the Don ; he frequently met them, and hearing they were of distinction, he procured himself an introduction, and artfully paid them those delicate atten-

tions which are better felt than described, till at length he became so necessary to their comfort, that the day was heavy and uninteresting in which the Don did not appear.

He was now about the middle of life ; his figure tall and commanding, and his air imposing ; and, though the stern properties of his dark mind gave a gloomy expression to his full-lined countenance, there was an ease and affability in his manner, when it suited his purposes, which discovered an acquaintance with life in its superior walks, and which gratified those it was intended to gratify.

To the Countess, he always offered the most unqualified deference ; to the Earl, he acted in the triple character of monitor, companion, and confidant ; he soon discovered they had not an abundance of

money, and as he had his own secret designs, he established a system with his Lordship to gain money, and in a short time, the poor weak Clancarron could play the whole game, yet only knew as much of it as it pleased his mentor he should know.

Destitute alike of principle and feeling; his imbecile mind became an easy tool in such a crafty hand; when his evil propensities and vicious habits all co-operating, he was driven about alternately by the blasts of passion, folly, and fashion, and his character made up of shreds and patches of nature's worst materials, he became a thing in Don Diego's, or, indeed, any other hand, to be moved at pleasure.

Lady Florence became the goddess of his idolatry; the qualities of her nature were in unison with his own; their pride

and rancour, envy and avarice, were congenial, and both allowed their passions to be their governing principles.

The Don had the art to insinuate without seeming to do it, that he possessed not only immense estates in Portugal, but also had considerable claims in England, but he had more than his habits of life required, and unless some heart, such as he could appreciate, would deign to share his distinctions, he himself would be their tomb. These conversations cunningly introduced, and, as if by accident, drawn from the secret recesses of his heart, had their full effect on the Countess, and made their wished impression on her daughter; he became their confidant, and received an invitation to visit England, and make Clancarron house his residence. This was beyond his hopes, and he was

resolving how to expedite their departure, for he had many aims, and many games to play, when the English papers announced the death of Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville, and his grand-daughter's accession to the whole of his immense fortunes.

Their determinations on this event have already been detailed; the Clancarron family set out immediately, and the Don, as he had promised, followed, when he had made necessary arrangements. He now disposed of Chateau D'Almeyda, but this he concealed from his fair Florence, and, on joining them in London, he declared, smiling, "the fatigue of stewards, tenants, and even rents, was so excessive, that poverty would be almost preferable."

The moment Don Diego beheld the blaze of Jane's beauty, the empire of Flo-

rence began to shake, but this he cautiously concealed, and it must, in justice be allowed, it was a very secondary consideration to the blaze of her gold.

Through his various emissaries he learnt how firmly she was attached to young Fitz Ormond ; but, if not well-knowing that public addresses would lose him the certainty of Lady Florence ; he secretly meditated making one bold stroke to secure herself, her fortunes, and all for ever his own.

Meantime, her Ladyship was plotting and manœuvring for her son, and when she found every plan and effort abortive, it struck her prolific brain, that were her consequence reduced, she might surrender, as she had not the most remote idea of her heart being engaged ; no sooner had

her depraved heart engendered the idea, than she communicated the whole plan to the Don, whose very brain and soul took fire at the brilliant enterprize. The Countess well recollected hearing of the premature death of Sir Geoffry's younger brother ; and the obscurity of many circumstances attending his fate, furnished a spacious field for crafty invention to work, and raise a plausible structure of deception ; old papers, letters, with certificates of birth, affidavits and witnesses were all prepared and *properly instructed*, and the accommodating Mr. Flarehomme being recommended as a most convenient solicitor, every thing was in train, when Lord Berkhamstead's masquerade was considered, by the Don, as the best, and only scene for his secret card to be played.

A license, when parties are of age, is easily procured, and bank notes, in the eyes of a poor curate, fonder of mammon than righteousness, having a most bewitching aspect, he informed himself of Jane's dress, watched her motions during the night, and at length, for his destruction, the opportunity which he considered glorious, offered itself; he had provided a carriage, well armed with fleet horses in waiting, for whether she had been compelled to submit to the enforced ceremony or not, it was his intention to take her off, till she could be reduced, either by intreaty or terror to submit to his wishes, and appear his acknowledged wife.

How Jane was rescued has been related, while the Don bleeding, in horrible pain, burning with disappointed passion, foaming with rage, and venting the most appal-

ling execrations, was carried by his two accomplices to the waiting chaise, and by his own desire taken to a Hotel, till his arm was examined and dressed ; it was dreadfully lacerated, but being only a flesh wound it was soon healed.

To the Countess and her family, it was in secrecy represented as *une petite affaire d'honneur* ; tears, prayers, and several becoming faintings from Lady Florence, were displayed as testimonies of ardent affection, while the mother was not sparing of her tender remonstrances, to be less prodigial of a life so precious to so many.

The ring he had lost being of some value, he lamented, but inquiry was too dangerous, and he relinquished the idea.

It was during his hours of convalescence, when all hopes of entrapping Miss

De Dunstanville had vanished, that to secure the best prize in his power, with the least trouble, as he so much disliked the troublesome routine of law and lawyers, he proposed a private marriage to Lady Florence ; a few delicate maiden hesitations, heart pantings, and cheek blushings, were neither very serious nor insurmountable obstacles, and besides every thing secret was delightful, so they went out one morning early to a neighbouring church, and Lady Florence returned no longer a Clancarron.

By this private arrangement the Don escaped the vast fatigue of signing marriage settlements, pin money, jointer, &c. and as nothing could prevent him receiving ten thousand pounds at her mother's death, why the thing being done, and he incorporated into the noble family,

he considered it on the whole a *chef d'œuvre* of contrivance, and he could bid defiance to prevention.

So far secured, beyond what he once would have conceived a possibility of success, he began to wish that some good terms could be made with the heiress; for well he knew the matter never could be brought into court, and when he reflected on the magnitude and difficulty of the enterprize, with the danger of detection, and impossibility of extrication, he seriously wished it had never been attempted, and ardently desired to withdraw his ill-founded claims.

On his hinting certain apprehensions to the Countess of future trouble and exposure, if not punishment, her Ladyship volunteered once more a visit to Jane, and on her return, hopeless, disappointed, and

miserable, bursting with rage, and terrified at impending exposure, after a variety of propositions and plans, it was resolved the claims should be dropped, and so well she knew the gentleness and generosity of the heart she had so wrung, that she even ventured to hope a remission of transgression, and that a general reconciliation would take place with all parties.

Jane's love for Fitz Ormond, her proudly avowed love, and her contempt for her son, were scorpions that stung deep, and added to the exposure and shame that would attend their meeting, induced her to propose again leaving England, till the circumstances should sink into oblivion, when they could return, and, perhaps, former intimacy be resumed; but the Countess found neither her son, Lady Flo-

rence, nor even the ever complaisant and conciliating Don, acquiescent on this occasion.

England abounded with pleasures and plenty ; he was well received, and he happily held the power in his own hands ; therefore, the Don determined to sojourn a little longer in our “ sea-girt isle.”

The Countess never felt less at her ease ; irresolution shook every plan. She could not proceed, and she could not retreat ; poverty was again besetting her doors. She had closed her own admission at Jane’s banker’s against herself, and Lady Clancarron was in despondency, when, to lead her feelings to the climax of horror and despair, she encountered Jane, blooming in health, beauty, and renovated happiness, and attended with a splendour and magnificence, that whirled every sense to

madness, and left her without the power of uttering more than, through parched and whitened lips, "Miss De Dunstanville and Fitz Ormond!"

CHAPTER X.

THE unexpected magnificence of Jane's whole appearance, had darted on Lady Clancarron's senses like a shining star, to light her to her doom; her own ingratitude and premeditated wrongs, the false pretensions she had sanctioned, indeed contrived, to rob her of her inheritance, all crowded on memory, and inspired terrors never felt before; and the cruel arts practised against Fitz Ormond, they rushed over her brain; detection and exposure stared her in the face, all accumulated, and burst on affrighted conscience, like an avenging fiend; and, on her arrival at

home, her condition was nearly approaching to a torturing frenzy, but the arguments of her family convincing her that prompt measures were become necessary, she grew rather calm, and the first step resolved on, was to employ confidential people in the business, and, while one was dispatched to Mrs. Norman, Jane's late lodgings, to make discoveries respecting her wonderful, and, to her, appalling alteration of condition, another was directed to summon their privy counsellor, Mr. Flarehomme.

Their messenger soon returned from Mrs. Norman's, loaded with intelligence.

The Countess gasped with impatience.

"Is Miss De Dunstanville there?—Is she? What is she?—Speak!"

"Why, my lady," said her emissary, "a little will go a great way in what is to

be told of the heiress. Mr. Fitz Ormond's *father is sure enough come*, he is cast up, with a vengeance to us all ; he needs neither law nor lawyers to get at his lands and lordships, for he is the richest Earl in all Ireland ; he has adopted Miss De Dunstanville, who, it seems, assisted him, when he made as if he had been a poor man wanting charity ; and she and her lover Hildebrande, who was discovered in prison, are to be married in a few days, and such preparations were never known before, as are making for the wedding.

“ The Earl laughs,” continued her confidante, “ at the Don's pretensions to Miss De Dunstanville's estates, and says, when happiness gives a little leisure, he will settle them easily ; he has been a far traveller, and Mrs. Norman thinks, by his looks and hints on the subject, that all the documents

and proofs of Mr. Maximilian De Dunstanville's death, and all about him, are in his possession."

Don Diego, while she spoke, could have wished himself any where, rather than in England ; a dark reserve sat upon his scowling brow, and he secretly resolved to leave the country, with his wife, as soon as certain plans, his fertile brain had arranged, were productive ; turning therefore to the Countess, with a smile, he bade her " Fear nothing."

But his voice had lost its persuasive charm ; a boding sickness seized her heart, and stiffening in the horror of accumulated recollections, and their dreadful consequences, for a time she sat without either speech or motion.

The Peer was from home, forgetting his confusion and apprehensions at *the Dog* ;

and as for Lady Florence, whose feelings ever centred in self, calm in the imaginary security of having a rich husband, she reasoned very composedly on the evils and disgrace impending over the rest of her family.

In a little time Mr. Flarehomme made his appearance ; he approached with the accustomed fawning obsequiousness with which he endeavoured to veil his coarse manners, when in the presence of superiors, and not having noticed the perturbed features of the Countess, or the repressed agitation of the Don, he declared that, though going to the Judge's chambers on special concerns, his solicitude in their affairs had made him postpone it, to learn their pleasure.

“ To learn our pains, rather,” replied Lady Clancarron ; “ Miss De Dunstan-

ville is on the point of marriage with the Earl of Fitz Ormond's only son and heir ; she is no longer helpless and friendless ; she has become great and powerful, and her power will blast us ; what can be done ? Devise what may avert the bursting storm of horror, something must be done, and instantly."

The paleness of blended apprehension and malign meanness overspread every coarse feature of his vulgar countenance, and while the contraction of bushy scowling brows gave dark evidence of inward cunning, he paused in a gloomy and reflective silence, at length the *oracle* spoke.

" Her marriage and power will plead little in our courts, for what can invalidate the claims of justice ?"

Every eye was raised, for most dubious were his words.

“What, indeed!” cried the countess, relapsing into horror; “but that consideration comes rather too late, Mr. Flare-homme;” adding, for she felt offended at the strange and sudden familiarity of his manner; “you gave us other hopes in other times, but be alert, Sir, be vigilant, be *yourself*, for, remember, we fall not alone, the overwhelming weight will crush you too; so let invention work, and be as active to extricate us from the peril, as it was to weave the web of involvement in which we are ensnared.”

“Your ladyship is surely indisposed this morning, and it surely must affect your senses, or mine are strangely confused; I am really astonished,” and the cool calm hypocrite tried to look astonished; “No doubt, Don Diego can sup-

port, prove, establish his claims to the De Dunstanville estates and title !”

“ Distraction !” interrupted the Countess.

Flarehomme went on, “ And when he acquaints me where the witnesses are to be found, I will be *alert*, madam, and secure their testimonies before the tampering arts of defendant can corrupt them ; and when he acquaints me where certificates of father’s marriage, own birth, baptism, &c. are to be found, I will be *alert*, and our courts are impartial, and *just claims* will be established ; do not fear, madam, the Don’s *just claims* will be established.”

His auditors were struck dumb, and their eyes fixed on him as on an uncommon monster, one never discovered before in the haunts of men ; the thought of an instant could penetrate his design, deep

as it lurked in the serpent foldings of his dark, depraved, and cunning nature.

There are windings in the honourable profession, which only the feet of dishonour would tread; he had explored every secret cranny, and well knew *the when* and the *where* to make escape, without incurring condign punishment; though all except the fabricated claim itself had been the work of his invention; he had so managed, that he could retract, and retreat from consequences, by allowing the whole danger, difficulty, and detection, to recoil on those whose dark designs required such a confederate; the witnesses he had suborned, he could dismiss; the certificates he had procured, he could destroy, and his own secret counsels he could altogether deny, till every vestige of the structure had vanished like the baseless fabric

of a vision, except his own claims. Impudence was his brazen shield—these, therefore, remained in full force, and, notwithstanding the large sums he had drawn, his rapacity demanded more, for the heart, hardened by repeated enormities, loses even the last feeble ray of expiring virtue, shame. Mr. Flarehomme, therefore, unabashed, and boldly impudent in his guilt, turned towards Don Diego and the Countess, saying, “ I must now attend the judge, and when you have more important information to communicate, you know my house, and in the mean time, Lady Clancarron, depend on me; when we come into our courts, you need not fear but what just claims will be heard and established. Oh ! I had forgotten, papers want your signature, Don, and people who are employed on certain business, and certain

embassies, want money — ready cash is requisite, I shall draw—good morning.”

The cold and remorseless contempt with which the pitiful petifogger had thrown not only the whole obloquy on his employers, but also deserted their cause in moments of extremest exigency, gave a retributive pang, and, in deadly bitterness of soul, the Countess cursed the deceptious attorney, the too ready villany of the Don, herself, and every one any way concerned, or accessory in the iniquitous transaction, which now assumed so alarming and disastrous an appearance.

The remaining part of the torturing day was past among these illustrious confederates in unavailing regrets, splenetic allusions, and mutual reproaches, and while each vented the guilty recrimination, each framed a secret and separate plan for fu-

ture extrication ; and thus in the anxieties and fearful alarms which will ever accompany the guilty bosom in its moments of retirement, the dreadful evening closed upon them.

It was on the following day that Lord Fitz Ormond judged, from his interview with Tim Welby, and the recovery of his long-treasured ring, that he was authorised to call in the officers of justice to seize the impostor, and detect the imposture which had so cruelly disturbed the tranquillity of his beloved Jane.

The earl, with a humanity which distinguished his noble feeling for the pitiable imbecility and wretchedness of Lady Clancarron's family, who all appeared sinking beneath the pressure of complicated guilt and misery, had given necessary orders respecting the wretched remains of Don Diego ;

his lordship had him removed, when his own rank and character bearing weight, he exerted his influence to avert the disgraceful exposure of a family he at once pitied and despised; and to avert the too just verdict of *felo de se*, he mentioned to the jury the circumstance of the dog having bitten him, when, probably, apprehension might have caused a sudden frenzy; it had the desired effect, they brought it in lunacy, and the funeral obsequies were performed with decent privacy, and the miserable erring being's memory consign- to dark oblivion.

CHAPTER XI.

It will be naturally supposed that Don Diego's death crushed every pretended claim to the fortune of our heroine; all proceedings were instantly stopt, and she was immediately reinstated in her hereditary possessions; many valuable personals had been lost in the confusion, and purloined by the dishonest, and the long robed gentry endeavoured to persuade Jane to commence actions against all the persons implicated in the nefarious transaction, assuring her she could recover heavy damages; but, even had she not been so nearly connected with the unhappy sur-

vivors, with certainty, she had too much experienced the glorious uncertainty of the law, to again involve herself in its devious intricacies ; she therefore told her advisers, with smiling thanks for their assurances, that she was too happy in having escaped the notoriety of an exhibition in Westminster-hall, to hazard another so soon. So with a *douceur* for past attentions, they were obliged to depart whether quite satisfied or not.

The bosom of Jane De Dunstanville could not remain the residence of one angry passion, beyond the moment of inflicted wrong, and now, rich in every earthly felicity that love, friendship, virtue, rank, and fortune could bestow, her gentle commiserative heart gave a sigh to the wretched condition of the Clancarron family ; in idea she beheld the Countess

despised, neglected, and unpitied, sinking beneath the pressure of shame, pecuniary difficulties, and a sad variety of suffering; and that these accumulated evils were merited, added a bitterer pang to the accusing spirit, and called forth more compassion from the innately benevolent heart.

The poor widowed Lady Florence, with an accusing conscience, and many an angry rankling passion desolating her bosom, was without one hand to help, one heart to feel for her accumulated calamities—the contemplation excited the most generous pity, and though a stranger to offence herself, she felt that the forfeiture of inward approbation must be the severest penalty an erring being can pay, and the charitable spirit will give a deeper sigh of pity to the pang of conscious transgression.

Death and the shrouding grave had extinguished every spark of resentment towards her late, greatly culpable, husband, and every wrong he had premeditated against her peace and property was buried in his unhonoured grave.

As for Lord Clancarron himself, he had always appeared in her eyes too insignificant to excite any other sensation than pity, and now that his nature had discovered such depravity and unfeeling meanness contempt and sorrow, mingled with indignation, and produced a sentiment such as better beings feel when those they would lead to virtue go astray; these and many a softening reflection blending together in her gentle mind, determined her to sooth them with her forgiveness, and meliorate the hardness of their condition by her returning bounty.

Lord Fitz Ormond smiled his approbation ; Hildebrande's ideas were her own, and Mrs. Moreland's judgment was called in to assist, in devising the least distressing way of putting the design in execution ; the council, however, was adjourned to another day, for the Earl being informed a young gentleman waited for an audience in the library, the ladies, accompanied by Mr. Fitz Ormond, Dillon, and Alfred, went out for a morning ride ; the party was joined in the park by Lady Ellen, and high in health, happiness, and spirits, they all returned together, and at six o'clock assembled round the Earl's hospitable board to dinner.

During the repast his Lordship was unusually silent, yet a serene and pleased thoughtfulness was diffused over his

expressive features, which denoted inward satisfaction.

Something it was evident had occurred, and though all were most anxious to know, no one seemed willing to enquire what it was ; at length smiling benignantly, with much complacency he addressed them.

“ I have had a most uncommon visitor this morning,” said his lordship, in a young merchant from the city ; and many a sweet and bitter recollection have his words and information awaked in my bosom.

From him, I learn,” continued the earl, “ that two and twenty years ago ;” here Lord Fitz Ormond’s emotion grew excessive ; “ two and twenty years ago the late Lord Clancarron, nobly, generously commiserating the distresses of a persecuted fugitive, whose fate an angel

had vouchsafed to share, left in a mercantile house five thousand pounds for him, for their offspring ; venerated Clancarron ! thy soul, indeed, deserved an Eglentine ! thy worth redeems the errors of a fallen race, and gives them claims upon every Fitz Ormond's heart ; from thy grave thou visitest them with pardon ; and if at all they appertain to thee, pure spirit ! peaceful and prosperous shall be their days in future. Mark, my children, the gracious ways of wonder-working providence ! when the accumulated riches of years had vanished from the possessor's grasp ; when dissipation with lavish and scattering hand had given all to the winds, *the very aid* his generous soul designed for me and mine in days of strong affliction, now descends accumulated like healing balm

upon the desolate bosoms of his widow, and his widowed child.

“The dark obscurity in which my former days have been wasted ; the sad and solitary wanderings of my angel Eglen-tine ; her unnoticed departure to her own Heaven, and the warm shelter in which my boy was reared, with the utter oblivion of our name in England, left the generous donation unclaimed, and unrepresented till now ; but it was in the keeping of honour, and now that the world knows Fitz Ormond ; this money with its interest is honourably restored.”

“How great, and nobly just, in the house,” cried Lady Ellen, “to restore so large a sum of money ; when the very owner of it was ignorant of the circumstance, and never could have demanded it.”

“The deed is perfectly in character with the *principal* of that house,” said Alfred, almost blushing for his own involuntary pun on the word, which, though unintended, was not inapplicable either to *principal* or *principle*.

“Had I not sprung from the dear Highland clan myself,” said Mrs. Moreland, “and though secretly proud of my Scottish honours, never proclaim them, I would give you a trait, Lord Fitz Ormond, of your morning visitor, that would prove him as noble in nature as in name.

“That may easily be, my dear Madam,” returned his Lordship, “for, *human virtues gave nobility* to his name, but *Heaven itself gives GREATNESS* to his nature.”

Without adverting or animadverting on any of the distressing occurrences that

were past, Jane, with feeling and delicate propriety, addressed the countess, saying, “ she was commissioned by Lord Fitz Ormond, to advise her retiring to Clancarron castle during the year of her daughter’s mourning, and to render that remote spot as cheerful as possible, and to soften every deprivation, her ladyship was requested to draw on the earl’s bankers every quarter for five hundred pounds. And on her return, Jane hoped the families might again have intercourse, as then time would probably have thrown a veil over recent unhappy circumstances, and the world have forgotten as entirely, as she and Mr. Fitz Ormond sincerely forgave, every offence and intended injury.

As Lady Florence might, indeed must necessarily have many purchases to make

previous to so long a journey, Jane hoped her Ladyship would accept an enclosed bank note for a thousand pounds, and consider her cousin her debtor, for a similar sum every year.

The heart is buried in deeper than primeval darkness that the rays of goodness cannot reach ; harder than adamant when mercy cannot teach it, or rather when it cannot feel the hallowed touch of mercy.

With shaking hands and trembling frame, the Countess of Clancarron had unclosed Jane's most unexpected letter ; her soul anticipated the bitterness of reprehension, and the severity of reproach, even if deserved punishment were remitted ; what then were her emotions when only kindness, condescension, and bounty,

met her astonished eye, and courted her acceptance in the mildest form.

For the first moment of an erring life, she felt "how awful goodness is!"

Oh! gentle and generous of soul, could you but think what richness of feeling dwells in leading the trembling erring spirit to the quiet path of right! in encouraging the conscience-smitten heart, to persevere and reach the heights of goodness! would you wish to emulate an angel's worth, would you wish to imitate a God's beneficence; forgive, and raise, and aid the self-condemning spirit! raise it to hope, raise it to deserve mercy. But, alas!

"There's mercy in each ray of light, that mortal eye
e'er saw,

There's mercy in each breath of air, that mortal
lip can draw,

There's mercy, both for bird and beast, in God's in-
dulgent plan,

There's mercy for each creeping thing,—but *man*
has none for man"

Lady Clancarron, in a burst of feeling never known before, involuntarily sunk upon knees unused to kneeling ; and an unseen witness saw her heart ; the first softening, chastening drops her eye had ever shed, now stole down her pale withering cheek ; she felt inclined, yet could not pray ; but she spoke.

“ Virtue ! ” she cried, “ thou art above *me*, far above *me* ; thou art above the sinner’s imitation ; but Florence, poor Florence ! you are young, and may look up to Jane De Dunstanville.”

Sorrow had altogether crushed the pride of Florence ; she threw her arm around her suffering mother’s neck, and hid her face ; their tears mingled, their sighs blended, they looked on each other, then on the letter, their pale lips respired a blessing on the blessed one ; neither could

speaking it, it lingered a moment, and returning to their own hearts as balm, it softened every angry, subdued every stormy passion ; and the mother's, and the daughter's feelings were human.

CHAPTER XII.

THE fashionable world now rung with the approaching nuptials of Jane De Dunstanville, heiress of the late Sir Geoffry, and the only son of Earl Fitz Ormond; and it was whispered in the higher circles, that the elegant Dillon Moreland, Esq. would soon "step in with a receipt for making smiles, and blanching sables into bridal bloom;" or, to descend from the altitudes of romance, it was expected as soon as Lady Ellen Stirling could, with decency, throw aside her mourning habit, she would figure "*en bride*."

Her Ladyship often read these paragraphs

in the Herald and Morning Post, when sipping her tea, and would saucily declare, the papers were mighty impertinent, in pretending to know her intentions better than she knew them herself.

“ That is very possible,” cried Alfred, removing from the reach of her pretty little white hands, “ very possible, for any body to know a lady’s mind better than she does herself ; *mais entre nous*, I think you *do* know your own on that subject ; but here comes Dillon himself, his eye speaks him on a voyage of discovery to your heart, so fair sister elect, Adio ! Pray remove frowning rocks and shifting sands, and moor him in a peaceful haven,” so saying, he gently put his hand to his bosom—threw her a song he had stolen from Dillon’s *porte feuille*, and was out of her sight in a minute.

TO ELLEN.

“ Once my beloved ! that inward gush
But half restrained before,
Awoke thy kindling beauties flush,
Oh ! check it now no more.
No cheerless heart is nigh
To blight its opening bloom,
To bid this love-warm'd eye
Its uncharmed glance resume.

II.

“ Then longer why the warmth conceal,
That o'er thy heart is thrown ?
The softest soul can never feel
The sweets of love alone.
Howe'er the world may chide,
Oh ! be you sure of this,
What heaven reveals to hide,
Is but to sport with bliss.”

It was a short time after the final arrangement of Miss De Dunstanville's affairs, that Mrs. Moreland perceived in Alfred's manner, a degree of thoughtfulness which almost verged on melancholy ; his vivacity seemed put on, and that inno-

cent glow of spirits and ready wit, which so amiably distinguished him, was totally lost in gloomy abstraction.

“Dearest Alfred,” said his anxious mother, looking in his intelligent eyes for her answer, “all is smiling around you, and yet you seem disconsolate; your thoughts are innocent, and cannot shun the light; why shut a mother from your confidence, whose spark of life her children’s happiness can only revive?”

“Dear mother! but my thoughts on one subject do shun the light, and the same subject shuts you from a confidence, which has been the delight of my heart since I can remember. I will no longer follow the law,” said he, and his frankness sounded abrupt, “I cannot mother; my nature revolts from pleading a cause my heart could not justify; the first attribute

of God, the foundation stone of right between man and man, the sacred tribunal where innocence should never offer appeal in vain. Law, I find, can be perverted by the devices of cunning, and the most righteous claims lost through the subtleties of argument; the unsophisticated truth, the simple avowal are of little effect; a powerful pleader can brow-beat the one by intimidative cross questions, and some quirk lurking in the musty page of buried volumes, and torn from its dark forgotten retreat by artful application, can wrest the *fair meaning* to a foul purpose, and annihilate the claims of justice. Mother, I repeat, I will have nothing to do with law."

The mother looked the image of astonishment.

"Alfred, will you not be deemed incon-

sistent ? of wavering opinions ? what will you do *now*, my child ?” and the mother’s *now* was impressive and desponding.

“Do well, very well,” repeated Alfred, cheerly, “I am turning my thoughts to one of the first, and most honourable characters in social life—a British merchant.”

“A merchant !” and Mrs. Moreland laughed hysterically.

“A merchant !” repeated her determined boy, “true, I have nothing ; but integrity, assiduity, and exertion, are all steps I determine to climb, and, even should no kind hand be found to help me, I have a heart that *will aspire*, and *will not despair*.”

CHAPTER. XIII.

It was the repeated observation of a very great statesman and philosopher to his family and friends, that he ever found that week most prosperous, of which he had passed the sabbath piously.

Piety had guided the earliest steps of Jane De Dunstanville; Lady Ellen's fine sense felt the full value of religion, and Mrs. Moreland having often experienced a Christian's consolation, aspired to the dignity of a Christian's character.

It was Lord Fitz Ormond's custom to devote the sacred day of rest to sacred purposes, and the practice of those duties

which, while they moderate human pride, and regulate human passions, elevate our nature to its great Creator, and fit our ever-surviving spirits for that pure society to which the righteous aspire.

The carriages were ordered for church. "We will go to the Magdalen this morning," said his Lordship.

"Do you not prefer the asylum?" asked Jane, "I think it a most interesting sight, so many blooming innocents raising their little hands in thankfulness and grateful praise to their Almighty preserver."

"They will interest every virtuous heart," replied his Lordship, "therefore, I give my mite to humble penitence; it needs encouragement, and the discourses from the pulpit are appropriate, and often most affecting."

“I hope, mamma, you will not send me to the chapel of the park,” said Lily Moreland, “else I should like the ride to Chelsea.”

“Why do you dislike going to that chapel, Lily?” said Lady Ellen.

“Because,” replied the candid girl, “the preacher tells stories.”

“Fie! Lily!—stories!”

“Yes, I heard him preach so beautifully of mercy, and forgiving each other, and of taking pity on the poor, that I believed him almost a saint, and yet Lady Malvern knows such a thing!”

Mrs. Moreland looked, and would have stopt her, but Lily either did not see, or did not heed the look, for she proceeded to tell how she had been told, that the good preacher could not be so good a minister, and how a lady with her large

family had listened to him with delight and attention for many years, but ah!—and Lily sighed—at length misfortune came among them, and three quarters rent of a pew being due, the mother pleaded inability, and intreated time, when she would pay him all; he replied, that she must forget he was a clergyman, and only remember him as a creditor.

“The father of the family was very ill; the eldest daughter lay dead, yet the preacher forgot to pity, and forgot to forgive, and employed a lawyer—” “Oh God!”—interrupted Lady Ellen—“and what then, Lily?”

“The gentleman died,” added Lily, weeping, “and the good preacher could only have had his corpse.”

Great expiator of human transgression! surely the sorest wringings of agony, that

dropped from thy sacred brows, fell to wash the hypocrite white !

On their return from the Magdalen, a ride to Kensington was proposed, to which all acceded except Jane, who, complaining of a slight head ache, preferred reading a volume of Blair at home, to the heat and pressure of the gardens.

Hildebrande would read to her.

“ Indeed no, you shall accompany the rest ; the gardens are beautiful, it is long since you were there.”

“ Can any thing be beautiful in my eyes, Jane, when you are absent, and ill too ?” replied Hildebrande looking tenderly reproachful as he spoke.

“ Very gallant, indeed !” cried Lady Ellen sportively ; “ cupid may tell us these pretty tales, and leave it for hymen to tell us the crabbed truths afterwards.”

Away flew the enchanting Ellen, and do not start, fair votaries of ton, the beautiful Jane De Dunstanville, and the brilliant Hildebrande Fitz Ormond, staid from admiring crowds, and in the hallowed shade of a peaceful and innocent home, read a sermon on death ; and in pious reflections on the work, and a grateful eulogium on the writer, now a sainted inhabitant of heaven, they together passed the sacred morning.

Lord Fitz Ormond had always been an enthusiast in poetry, and as his beneficent spirit ever led him to patronize, and encourage the risings of genius, he one morning brought home a poem, which had much pleased him, desiring the best reader to read it aloud.—No one would appropriate the compliment, and his Lordship's favourite was in some danger of not

being read at all ; when, to finish the very elegant and sincere assurances that each thought the other the better reader, his Lordship read the following beautiful lines himself :

THE MINSTREL.

I.

The strain was sweet, the strain was wild,
'Twas sung by nature's fav'rite child,
Melodious flowed the notes along,
First in the equal measured song ;
And as they harmonized the air,
The spirits of the sky were there,
And in mid course their swiftness staid,
To hear the lay the minstrel played ;
So sweet it came, that longer still,
They listened to his wond'rous skill,
So pleased they wondered not to see
The heart-felt joy, and cordial glee,
Th' effect of witching minstrelsy.

II.

But soon as died the softer sound,
In milder strains away,

And yet while echo hung around,
As loth to leave the hallowed ground,
 So mirthful and so gay ;
More swift his fingers sped along,
The mazes of the varied song,
Pure was the feeling that it gave,
Pure as the streamlets silver wave.
Pure as the fluid in mid air,
Pure as the soul of maiden fair,
Pure as the bright ethereal ray,
That decks the diadem of day,
When rising in majestic pride,
He gild's the oceans rolling tide !
Then as again he wakes the strings,
 A feeling each attuned to move ;
Their cadence every passion brings,
 Joy, friendship, hope, and love.
'Twas pleasure all for no controul,
 Fettered the flame as high it rose,
But freely o'er the raptured soul
 The course of gladness flows.

III.

The joy, the ecstatic bliss were nought,
 With which, when safe from battles won,
In freedoms cause, by virtue sought,
 The father greets his son.
Compared to that when music's voice,
Bids sorrow for awhile rejoice,

Not all the joys the mother knows,
When cradled on her breast,
She lulls her infant to repose,
Her dear first born to rest ;
Not all the self-approving joy,
Benevolence oft feels ;
When from her sympathetic eye,
The dew of pity steals.
Not these or all the joys of love,
Which sanguine youth can hope to prove,
Are aught compared to that which reigns,
At music's voice in nature's veins.

IV.

Hangs yet the note upon the ear,
Flows down the cheek th' unbidden tear,
For memory of scenes long past ;
The mournful note had brought to mind,
When bleak misfortune's shrilly blast,
Proved many a friend unkind.
But hark ! the minstrel's varied strain,
Now sweetly dwells on joy again,
Recalling many a happier hour,
When far beyond fate's chilling power ;
Reckless of what she might portend,
In the dear converse of a friend,
The tales of youth, which oft before,
In likesome mood had been conn'd o'er,

Again were told, and memory true,
Refines the feeling then we knew.

V.

But oh ! what words can well express
That feeling undefined,
That heart-sprung inexpressive bliss,
Which mem'ry calls to mind.
When some idea wandering o'er
The else unbusied brain,
Brings to her page some mental store,
Of pleasure fled or pain ;
'Tis not the feeling of the throng,
The vulgar ne'er can know,
The touching power that rules the song,
From whence those feelings flow.
Yet soon 'tis gone ! for like the morn
That gilds an autumn day,
Emblem of genius, it is born
To blaze, then die away.

VI.

The minstrel's song was sweet tho' bold,
Of love, and all love's pains it told,
Of all its pain, and all its pleasure,
The lover's dear, delightful measure.
For well could he that minstrel wight,
In glitt'ring weeds of pleasure dight ;

Of bashful maidens' coyness tell,
Or what aspiring youth befel,
When sought he, love, from ladye bright,
Who had that love, how well,
And then he sung of war and strife,
When man, sought man, the murd'rer's life ;
When loudly o'er the tented field,
Echo'd the shaft-repelling shield.
When sword, met sword, and clarion loud,
Cheer'd the weak mind by danger cow'd,
Inspired the brave, the coward staid,
And gave, where courage failed, its aid ;
Then from the mingled din of war,
Rebellowing o'er the plain afar,
He changed the martial strain,
To mournful theme of sadder sound,
The universal groan around,
Then gave more weak in distance drown'd,
The battle's hum again.

VII.

And few ere while, who had essay'd,
To sing the warrior's iron trade,
The whirl of spear, and flash of blade,
Could better deck the tale,
Since oft in battle he had been,
Had oft retreat, and onset seen,
And ever at life's closing scene,

Noted each circumstance, I ween,
That might in song avail,
With all of rare, and wond'rous kind,
Had mark'd and treasur'd in his mind.

VIII.

At Castle-hall, or tourney feast,
The minstrel was a welcome guest,
And there he lov'd the song to raise,
In his beloved chieftain's praise.
Or ever when desponding grief,
Prey'd on his mind, he brought relief,
With music such as sprites to hear,
Might wish descent from heav'nly sphere.
Then, as his much-lov'd chieftain smil'd,
And grief by harmony beguil'd,
Her vanquish'd pow'r at length withdrew,
His eye with pleasure brighten'd,
An unfeign'd joy his bosom knew,
His loaded heart was lighten'd,
His harp no more constrain'd, so sad,
Its tone from grief to borrow,
Vibrated with emotions glad,
And banish'd every sorrow.

IX.

So liv'd the bard in ancient days,
When monarchs prided in his lays ;

And as he liv'd, he wish'd to die,
Wedded from youth to minstrelsy.
A peaceful death with none to mourn,
But those who wept at friendship's urn,
With nought to mark his lowly grave,
But what his simple merit gave.
Three days are gone—the strain hath ceas'd,
Now that the bard hath sunk to rest !
Where swells the sod in yonder grove,
He slumbers with his buried love,
And lo ! his lowly couch beside,
A willow droops in sorrow's pride.
On whose depending branch it hung,
The harp to which his Ella sung,
 With such a sweet, enchanting air,
When oft to him, at evening hour,
Ere, wither'd was the cherish'd flow'r,
 Her conscious bosom own'd the pow'r,
 That rul'd despotic there.
So pass away the good, the brave,
Alike, they slumber in the grave.
Pride, lend thine ear ! that master's fire,
Which wont such feelings to inspire,
Lies there ——— and now decay'd the hand,
Which bore each passion's magic wand ;
Then mark, if you can aught descry,
 Of more than vulgar clay,
And learn that man was born to die,
That life is but a day !

CHAPTER XIV.

“As Lady President of this hospitable board,” cried Mrs. Moreland, seating herself, and sportively waving her fan as the wand of authority, “I demand why all my delicacies of the season, and my scarcities out of season, have been kept spoiling till this most unseasonable hour?”

“You have a most unquestionable right to demand an enquiry,” replied Miss De Dunstanville, “so let the investigation come on with the dessert.”

“And may *desert* follow investigation! is the prayer of every honest British bosom,” cried Lord Fitz Ormond, folding his hands.

“ Amen ! ” responded the little circle, the spirit of feeling shining in every eye, and “ amen ! ” responds the wide extended circle of human life from the lisping baby, to the crown of honourable old age !!!

“ Now to begin,” said Mrs. Moreland, “ how did Lily pass *her* morning ? ”

“ I went to see Miss Linwood’s beautiful exhibition of works, and would have gone without my dinner altogether to have staid longer.”

“ You speak *after* dinner,” said her mother, “ but the whole is beautifully interesting ; one piece ever elevates the Christian heart to holy rapture, and portrays exquisite taste and feeling.”

“ I went to Exeter Change,” said Lily’s sister Belle, and saw birds, and fishes, and such wild roaring beasts ! mamma.”

“ Their roarings speak the Almighty hand that made them, all for various uses in the vast scale of being.”

“ I,” said Lady Ellen Stirling, went to pay my devoirs to a *great lady*, and found her at home, surrounded by a little humble group, teaching them ——”

“ What?” interrupted Jane; “ let us guess.”

“ Geography? or music?” cried Lily and Belle.

“ No, these accomplishments would be unsuitable to their walk in the world.”

“ To plait straw,” said Alfred.

“ No.”

“ To knit stockings,” said Dillon.

“ No.”

“ Oh! to make shoes, no doubt,” cried Lord Fitz Ormond, “ to make shoes, certainly, for all ranks are tearing poor

Crispin's art to pieces in these our notable days."

"It was not, indeed;" replied her ladyship, "what thinks Mrs. Moreland?"

"Teaching them to read?"

"Not exactly that either," said Lady Ellen, she was with a clearness, judgment, and ability, which might have become a learned prelate, teaching them our Lord's prayer; not simply to *repeat* it, but explaining it in its comprehensive sense, as comprising the whole circle of moral and religious duties, with all we can ask, all we can do, and all we can hope.

"I should like to see her notes on it," observed Lord Fitz Ormond."

"They will be only seen, my Lord, in the lives of her pupils," replied Lady Ellen.

“ Who is the Lady, my Ellen ?” asked Dillon.

“ She shrinks from human notice, and from human thanks ; and praise and publicity she shuns ; you seldom see her name in vaunted lists of charity ; but in that court where ‘ mercy is bought with mercy, it is enrolled, and shines pre-eminent.’ ” To return to our investigation.

“ Well !” said Lord Fitz Ormond, “ I myself saw a most interesting picture of life ; it was an elegant young man, blooming with health, high spirits, and happiness, devoting his morning to please and soothe the languid hours of a declining grandmother ; several sprigs of fashion were below, and tempting him to join them in a most pleasurable party ; but he had promised to read a new publication to his venerable parent, and was proof against

both their persuasions and ridicule, and persevered in a duty which his own goodness of heart charmed into a real pleasure, and which will yet be redoubled to him in his children's children."

"Another name for enrolment in the bright pages above," said Mrs. Moreland ; while Dillon, with the bold openness which characterized his nature, exclaimed, "and I to-day have seen a devil!"

"A devil!" echoed every tongue at once ; "what sort of a devil? for there are pretty devils, ugly devils, charming devils, and wicked devils."

"This was a devil of a son," repeated he ; "the mother's tenderness and talents have given him an excellent education, and her interest and exertions secured him a gentleman's provision. The first advantage he converts into a scourge of supe-

riority over the less informed of his family, and the other fills the cup of bitterness to her who should only taste the balm of tender gratitude from his hand. This morning she was very low and languid from recent illness, and requested he would defer going out a few hours, as she wished him to answer some letters.

“ He declared, ‘ strike him ugly !—that a sick room was such a cursed bore, and he so nervous, that if he stayed twenty seconds longer, he should either faint, or fancy himself bed-maker to some hospital. Is not illness now, my dear fellow,’ addressing me, ‘ a frightful tax on fine feelings? The other morning, in Lady — no matter *whose* dressing-room, only she is so very beautiful ! strike me into petrification, but it was Scylla and Charybdes ; her illness, (though it positively

was becoming,) and otta of rose would have inundated my senses had I stayed, and to be absent was the very promontory of despair, strike me ! now was not either alternative terribly petrifying.’

“ ‘ Who is your copy, Sir ? ’ asked I, eyeing the thing with somewhat of a sneer, for I could have kicked the wretched would-be-fashionable ; ‘ for your imitations are surpassing.’

“ ‘ Oh, a doll ! ’ exclaimed a little lively thing, who was affectionately watching her poor mother’s looks ; ‘ why Henry bought a *man-doll*, dressed cap-à-pée, in the first style of a Bond Street lounge ; in the morning, then, he takes a lesson from the Whips ; in the evening from the Listlesses ; then, on Sunday, the thing made up of shreds and scraps, and drop-pings, and copyings, and imitatings, struts

forth *à la poupee* himself, the pity of those who *could* love him, the ridicule of those who *would* envy him, and the diversion of all who know him ; as for poor me, what with his hair dragged from the roots, like a tree tortured from its bias, his coat flapping like a quaker's, and his legs hanging in chains ; and, added to all this, a frizzling oiled head, quilted shoulders, false calves, shaping stays, chicken gloves, and scented waters, I look about in vain for the once elegant and rational Henry, and cry heigho ! for my brother."

" ' Jessy ! Jessy ! you are too obtrusive ! ' cried the mother, when Jessy's nimble-running tongue had tired itself ; yet a faint smile broke over her pale features at the portrait her saucy fancy had drawn of her brother ; Henry will trim you for all this, when he has you alone."

“ ‘ D—me, Madam, I think her cursed impertinent — and — and — but I am going —— ”

“ ‘ One letter, Henry, you ought to write to your patron, to your only friend.’ ”

“ ‘ If I do, Madam, d—mme!’ and the unnatural left the room.”

“ Oh, where was his heart to leave his poor mamma so ill ?” cried Lily.

“ It was buried, my child,” cried Mrs. Moreland, “ buried among the lumber of pitiful follies, and never will it emerge, till his well-bred vices, and well-bred associates, lead him to feel, there is more bitterness in one self-reproach, than in all a mother could deal him.”

“ Come,” cried Alfred, “ this is another item for the great account book.”

“ No, Alfred,” said Dillon, “ his mother’s tear obliterated his defection, she

buried it in her own heart, and, on his return to propriety, it will be forgotten."

"And now, fair trespasser, how went your long morning?" said Mrs. Moreland to Miss De Dunstanville.

"I paid a visit to the miniature painter, and sat an hour to be made such a hideous figure, that were it put as descriptive of a fiend in the frontispiece of a horrific romance, it would spare the reviewers the trouble of a critique, for no one would venture to open it a second time, for fear of encountering its hydra glances; it is all over gorgon, and the hair seems hissing about like Medusa's snakes. If Hildebrande will not take me, my dear Lord Fitz Ormond, I shall never have the warm shelter you promised me in your bosom."

"My precious child!" cried the enraptured father, "your fair self sits enthroned

there already. I need not the mimic form, though, Hildebrande, drawn by your hand, will give her likeness added value."

Hildebrande had sat playing and scribbling with his pencil, and was hastily crushing a paper into his pocket, when Jane's little witching hand suddenly seized the prize, and being intreated to read the lines aloud, with blushes of innocent pride repeated the following :

" Were I with the pencil of art to engrave
Thy form, of affection the token,
A mortal the anger of Heaven must brave,
And the second commandment be broken.

" 'Twere the likeness of something in Heaven above,
And no mortal might bow down before it,
But a glance of its beauties, illumin'd by love,
Would compel *me* to sin, and adore it."

" I cannot decide," said Dillon, " which has a right to be most proud, the beauty which could inspire the poet, or the poet that could be so inspired."

"Beauty, I can engage, sovereign as is her power, yields here to feeling," rejoined Alfred.

"I do not think feeling produces the brightest thoughts," returned Dillon.

"Perhaps not," observed his mother, "but every heart will allow it produces the most natural thoughts."

"And now," cried Lord Fitz Ormond, "as we have a meeting of the long-robed gentry to-night, I will leave you, and while I prepare my papers for their inspection, you may compose nuptial roundelays. Penance! penance! Hildebrande, you must attend me."

CHAPTER XV.

ON Thursday, the 31st, by special license, at St. James's church, the Right Hon. Hildebrande Lord Arranville, only son of the Earl of Fitz Ormond, to Jane De Dunstanville, grand daughter, and sole heiress of the late Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville, Bart.

And at the same time, Dillon Moreland, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Ellen Sterling, youngest daughter to the late Earl of Danglecour, and heiress to the late Lady Penelope Maitland.

The bridal parties, after partaking of a splendid cold collation in Grosvenor-street, accompanied by their respective relatives and friends, and attended by a numerous retinue, set off for De Dunstanville Abbey."

Whatever the busy fashionable prints may please to add of the bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's felicity, their diamonds, dresses, equipages, and many a long and brilliant etcetera ; we can assure our readers that even the above paragraph found its way to the Post, and Herald, without the parties having paid one shilling for its insertion ; and having now conducted these our favourites, of this work, through the long beaten track, to the general resting place—*matrimony*, I beseech the indulgent reader's patience a very little longer.

It will naturally be supposed, that Lord Arranville and his Jane, shone in the circles of elevated society as distinguished patterns of nobility, their virtues displaying that lustre which should always dignify a great condition.

As parents to a numerous offspring, as

fond and faithful partners to each other, as sincere friends to friends, as benefactors to the poor and needy, and as beneficent patrons to obscure merit and neglected virtue, Hildebrande and Jane shone pre-eminent characters; yet, so secret were their charities, so inobtrusive their beneficence, that they not only kept the left hand in ignorance of what the right had done, but, instead of lighting a candle to guide the eye to that ostentatious list graced with the hundreds of right honourables and most nobles, all rapacious for the incense of mortal commendation, they entered into their chambers, and having shut the doors, they considered the faint cries of *that sorrow*, which shrinks from public charity, whose sigh is unheard, and whose cheerless retreat is little known; what they did, was never found on human re-

cord, but it reached from earth to heaven as a sweet smelling sacrifice ; and in the day of death, when the ear grows dull to the voice of mortal praise, and the heart grows indifferent to the glare of mortal grandeur, the beam emanating from their deeds, will ascend, and blend on high with the bright irradiations of that sphere where their triumph will shine for ever.

Their Establishment was always magnificent, yet regulated by an elegant economy ; they did not only partake of all the fashionable amusements of superior life, but they contributed to them, and were gratified in them ; their winters were always past in London, and were always gay and splendid ; but it was within their own patrimonial boundaries, when surrounded by their family, and a happy, prosperous, and numerous tenantry, who

looked up to them, as the healthy kindly planets that shed upon them peace and plenty, that Lord and Lady Arranville found themselves really at home. There, to their wishes height, the gentle and generous pair were blessed, and in all the polished and endearing pleasures of domestic life, loved and loving, their innocent and beneficent days glided on.

Earl Fitz Ormond happy, venerated, and esteemed, lived many years in the bosom of his children; he lived to behold and bless the third generation, and dandled in his feeble arms, a great grandson, bearing his own honoured name, and then, full of days, and full of wisdom, in patriarchal peace, he resigned a spirit, pure and purified as ever spirit covered with mortal covering was resigned.

During the last years of his life, in a

grove of cypress, adjoining the abbey church yard of De Dunstanville, he had erected a monument, distinguished for melancho'y grandeur, to the memory of his sainted Eglentine ; he would not have her sacred relics again disturbed nor separated from the dust of her ancestors, and therefore directed that his own should mingle with it.

Dillon Moreland and his sensible, elegant Ellen, lived happy, imitated and respected ; sometimes, we must confess, he would betray inequality of temper, could still be positive, and too fond of expensive pleasures ; but instead of reproach, recrimination, or even remonstrance, Lady Ellen had the power to inspire him with a love of all she herself loved, and by her own fair and faultless example, gently led him to the practice of her own virtues

and moderation. She possessed the pleasing happy art of teaching him greatness of mind, without the pride of the heart, to feel the dignity of birth, without the vanity of condition, to venerate the virtues, though without the meritorious glare of human distinctions, but to despise distinctions undignified by the virtues. Dillon Moreland, therefore, by the time he was father to a third son, was in his habits social, moral and, domestic; and in giving, he received happiness from the extensive circle in which he lived.

He and Lady Ellen generally came to London in winter, and were rationally gay; their pursuits and amusements were always elegant, and though distinguished for taste, fashion, and propriety, were always conducted within the limits of decorum and economy;—they purchased a

seat, within a very few miles of De Dunstanville abbey, which established an intercourse and harmony that terminated only with life.

Alfred Moreland at length attained the character to which his young heart had so early and ardently aspired, and before he numbered the age of twenty seven, so strict had been his attention to the duties of his occupation, and so liberal had been the patronage of his friends, that he had realized a considerable sum, and he was enabled to ask his bonny lassie to share his curricule and cottage, and he lived in that style of easy elegance, that even his mother's proud Scottish clans were not ashamed, in a tour he made to the Highlands, to call him cousin.

Lord Fitz Ormond knew that Mrs. Moreland had encountered many of for-

tune's rudest storms, and feeling that the great spirit, and the gentle spirit, pant alike for independence; feeling that there is a proper pride in meekness, and a meekness in proper pride, that shrinks appalled from the bitter morsel of dependence, in a manner peculiar to his manner, placed her in easy circumstances, and, though her nature ever greatly repulsed the obligation with which unfeeling pride would humble her, her grateful spirit worshipped the kindness *that could feel her own feeling*. She had a beautiful small gothic cottage of her own on the borders of a celebrated forest, yet a suite of apartments was appropriated, and always ready for her reception at De Dunstanville Abbey, and sweet and numerous as were the smiles, dimpling around the rosy lips of Jane, they wore a sweeter enchantment still,

when the young blossoms of Fitz Ormond, with delighted voice in full chorus, would shout from the windows, “Mamma Moreland’s carriage is come !”

Her daughters, charming, sensible, and elegantly accomplished, were alike fitted to shine in the spheres of fashion, and to dignify and endear the calmer scenes of domestic life, and, being highly descended, and moving in the superior circles, they were both most respectably established, though their mother was of opinion, at too early an age to have attained that sobriety and solidity of character so becoming and necessary in a wife, and in the mistress of a family.

Mr. Neville, the Navy Surgeon, was neither forgotten nor neglected ; he had lodged in Mrs. Norman’s house after Lord

Fitz Ormond's family quitted Grosvenor Street, and the widow having attended him with much tenderness, during a very lingering fit of the gout, they became so agreeable to each other, and so necessary to each others convenience, that, with the sanction and approbation of all their friends, they married, and Lord Fitz Ormond, whose grateful nature delighted in generously remunerating all who had any way contributed to his children's comfort, settled them in the market town adjoining De Dunstanville abbey, and he having professional skill, and being so highly patronized by the family, had soon very extensive practice, and lived with much respectability and comfort.

Dinah resided several years with Lady Ellen Moreland, rather as a companion than attendant, and being pretty in her

person, and modest and genteel in her manners, a young curate, who officiated for the old rector of De Dunstanville, cast on the gentle maiden looks of loving regard. The rector was very infirm, and very soon was gathered to his fathers, and Jane, ever munificent and kind, presented Dinah, and the rectory as her wedding portion, to the young divine, who nothing loth, took the fair damsel unto him, and she became his wife.

Happy and elevated beyond her most sanguine expectations, the grateful and meek-spirited girl, in order that she might never forget herself, often remembered her ill-destined sister Patty; and when *that sorrow* which follows unrestrained passion, *that disgrace* which follows unregulated feelings, was known in the village, Dinah thought of Patty,

and the sorrow was soothed, the disgrace was hidden, and penitence encouraged.

Rupert Butler has progressively given evidence of a superior mind, and superior talents; Dillon Moreland, in his new sphere, never sought a new friend, and, what is rather extraordinary in modern days, among modern characters, Rupert Butler never found the old one with a new face.

Through Dillon's introduction, he now moves in superior society, and Lord Fitz Ormond always gratified in patronizing merit, had him appointed travelling tutor to a young nobleman, and with the advantages a mind like his can glean from such a situation, it is expected he will rank high in the world of letters, and genius record his name in the page of literature.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE darker characters, whose deeds have blurred the fair page of this our history, must not remain unremembered nor unnoticed, for they still walk the peopled earth, can still give the pang of remembrance to the innocent, the wronged, and the aching heart, can still enjoy the warm beams of prosperity, can still smile in the proud security of human greatness, that at once shrouds them from exposure, and raises a brazen barrier against the feebleness of complaint, and the bitterness of unheeded claims.

The Countess of Clancarron survived both her son and her daughter several years; the Earl too far, too deeply immersed in the overwhelming vortex of a

dissipated life, found his difficulties insurmountable, unless he had possessed the resolution to change his nature, principles, and habits ;—would he have submitted to undergo a total reform, and a rigid economy taken place of licentious pleasures and expenses, his noble relatives would have aided the charitable work ; but while he could raise money honourably or dishonourably, he never considered consequences ; he would game, drink, and waste his hours in the most shameful and abandoned profligacy, till with his constitution worn out, his fortune exhausted, his character destroyed, and every respectable connection disgusted, instead of being forced to a prison, or to a retreat in the highlands, he meanly and cowardly stole out of life by a cup of poison, and was discovered by his only remaining attendant, one morning, dead in his bed.

In life he had never given cause for one honest smile ; in death he had not the tribute of one sigh ; he had been a man of pleasure, and met the man of pleasure's doom.

Lady Florence, without one consistent principle, and in her best moments a very thing of the world, barely wore her sables one year ; for meeting a very dashing and handsome officer at a country ball, who had a recruiting party near Clancarron, she once more entered the lists of matrimony, and truth must allow that for two years her ladyship lived respectably and almost happy ; for Lord Fitz Ormond's interest having promoted her husband, and his nature being grateful, he repaid the obligation in kindness and attention to his wife ; she died, however, in giving birth to a daughter, who was immediately consigned to the care of her grand-mother,

and afterwards inherited her mother's fortune.

Lady Arranville, who was always an enthusiast in the awfully grand scenes of wild and rugged nature, with her family, made a tour one summer to the Highlands, and passing some time at Clancarron Castle, whose antique turrets, and gothic battlements, suited the temper of her soul, she became very fond of her little namesake, and promised to superintend her education.

The old Countess lived to see her grand-daughter of age, and it gratified the pride of declining life, when assured by Lord Fitz Ormond and Jane, that Clancarron Castle should not pass into another family.

She died, humbly resigned, and a Christian.

It has been reported, that Lord Falcon found it convenient, to lately make a precipitate retreat, and it was thought that his lordship was literally bang-up to the mark ; but whether his own inclination, or any other body's inclination was most impellent in hastening his return, I will not assert ; nor have I heard that either his barouche or bays have been again exhibited. Who may be the biographer of his latest exploits, is yet to be known. Be the materials fairer than he has hitherto given to compose his character !

Rupert Brierton still lives, and still wears the armour of hypocrisy ; lately, indeed, one of the rivets which fasten this coat of mail, had nearly given way, and exposed the vulnerable bosom within, but gold and bank paper forming a strong cement, the breast-plate is whole again.

Mrs. Harmony continues as much at-

tached as ever to greatness, and great folks; and being a great novel reader, the recorder of these very authentic pages is not without hope, that while reading them, *something* may knock at the door of her heart, and conscience open to give it entrance.

Though last not least in this dark page of iniquity, Flarehomme the attorney is still alive, still practises, and is still employed; and during the terms of law, when its ruthless underlings are busy, his office resounds with the groans of distress, and the cries of oppression

At his table meanness, hypocrisy, cowardice, and vulgarity, hold their wretched orgies, and it is become no uncommon sight to behold the valiant attorney, boxing in true Mendoza style the associate of to-day, with whom he will sink in drunkenness and gluttony to-morrow.

Should the delineations of character exhibited in these pages, have presented one model for imitation, or one encouragement for the lowliest virtue ; held up a beacon to warn the foot of innocence from a slippery path, restrain the vehemence of destroying passion, soften the bitterness of pride, or bend the stubbornness of temper, I shall not have written in vain.

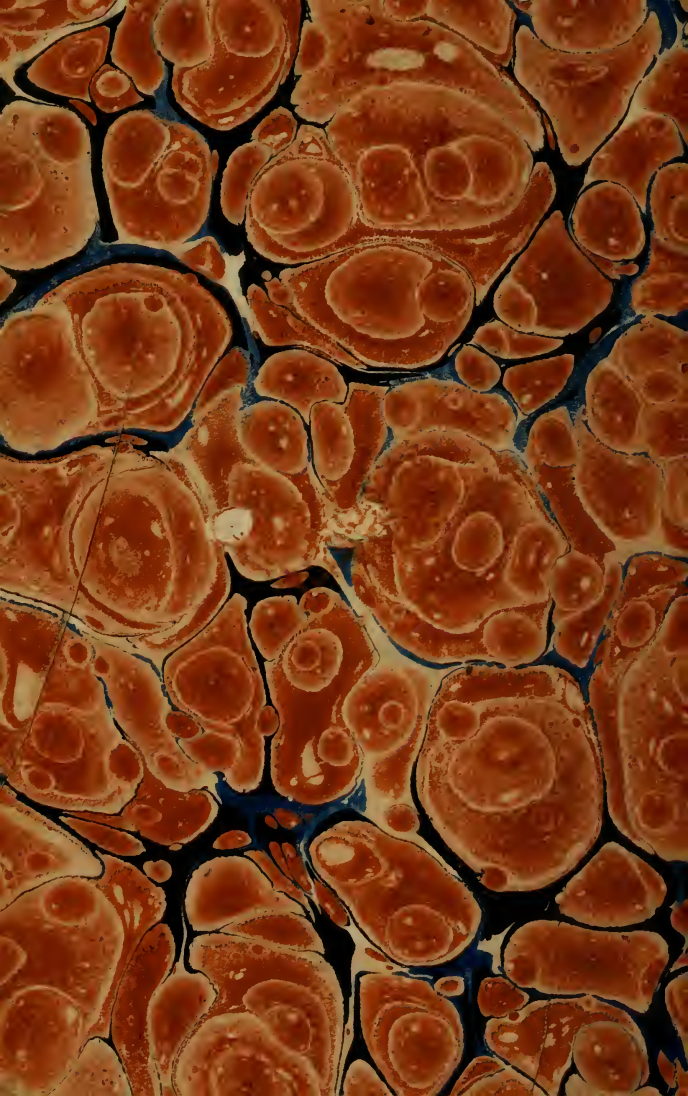
Truth has given characters to many, and the many will feel it ; and though fancy may have furnished the drapery, truth found the materials, and as I commenced, so I conclude,

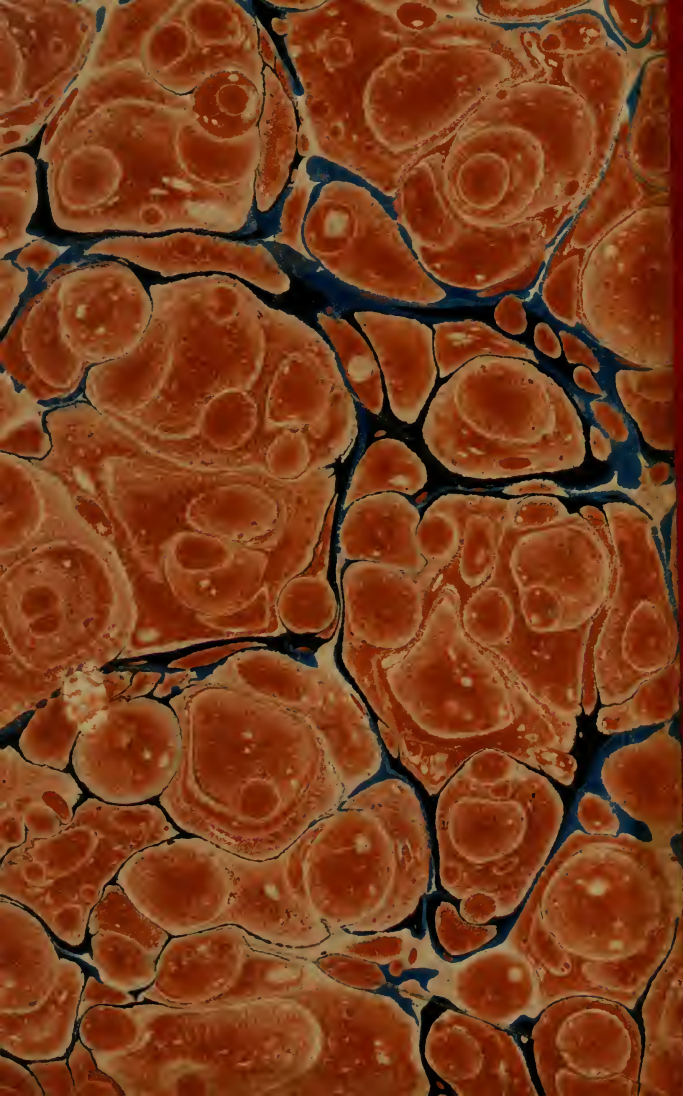
“ I do not make heads, I only make caps.”

THE END.

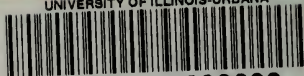








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